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THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917. Vol. 48 No 36

GRANGERS HOLD ANNUAL OUTING AT CENTRE HALL

Large Crowd in Attendance Despite Cold Weather.

FINE LINE OF EXHIBITS

Hon. Leonard H. Rhone Confined to Bed at Picnic Grounds but Greets Visitors Daily and Assists in Directing Encampment.

A representative of The Republican took an auto ride Wednesday morning to the Grange Picnic at Centre Hall which is under way this week. The tented village is splendidly arranged, and a large crowd is in attendance. A lamentable fact is that Hon. Leonard Rhone, who for years has taken such an active part in the progress of the picnic, is there but he is confined to his bed. Many warm friends call daily to see him. His daughters, Misses May and Florence, with the aid and counsel of their father and members of the picnic committee, are giving up-to-date service to the tentholders and patrons.

The midway, as usual, is filled with eating places and amusements of various kinds. The exhibit of farm produce, farming implements and machinery is large and varied. In fact it is surprising to see what interest has been taken in the enterprise this year. It was quite cool on the grounds Monday and Tuesday nights but the tenters are having a good time. A new feature this year is that automobiles and vehicles are charged a fee to enter the grounds.

Following is a list of those tenting in Grange Park:

CENTRE HALL.

Leonard Rhone, D. L. Bartges, George Gingrich, C. R. Neff, Samuel Durst, Mrs. George Long, Mrs. Owen Osman, Brown Hale, Andrew Zettle, Kryder Frank, W. S. Slick, Hayes Zettle, Cloyd Brooks, Jewitt Brooks, Chas. Neff, George Emerick, Lloyd Brown, D. K. Keller, Perry Luse, Jacob Sharer, I. M. Arney, F. W. Bradford, Abner Alexander, Grace Smith, Thomas Moore, John Moore, John Heckman, James Goodhart, M. M. Keller, Harry Fye, John Knarr, Ruth Smith, James Stahl, Cleve Brungard, Thomas Delaney, E. S. Ripka, George Benner, Clem Luse, George Heckman, Henry Homan, William Walker, Chas. Bartholomew, William Colyer, John Rudy, George Potter, Edward Brown, Thomas Smith, D. A. Boozer, S. W. Smith, C. F. Emery, Mrs. Flora Barefoot, Wm. Keller, Wm. Meyer, Wm. Fetterholf, Victor Auman, Kate Conley, Alvin Stump, Clyde Dutrow, Wm. Rishel, Frank Goodhart, Mrs. Martin Bartley, Elmer Royer, W. R. Neff, Mrs. George Yarnell, C. M. Smith, Robert Bloom, W. S. Brooks, W. C. T. U., Elliott Smith, Renna Wagner, State Grange, Richard Brooks, Bruce Runkle, Margaretta Tressler.

BELLEFONTE

James Sommers, Jacob F. Hoy, Henry Shuey, S. I. Poorman, Thomas Jodon, Thomas Hazel, R. H. Olmstead, Mrs. Robert Walters, Isaac Miller, A. C. Grove. Thomas Weaver, Willard Dale, Toner Spicer, Amanda Mothersbaugh, Chas. Zettle, F. T. Hunsinger, John Spearly, M. Kline, Adam Hoover, Fank Musser, Wm. Straub, D. H. Shivery, Henry Kline, Mrs. Smith, D. A. Grove, Luther Lonsberry.

SPRING MILLS

Dr. H. S. Braucht, M. A. Sankey, Wm. Siukabine, C. P. Long. Y. W. C. A., Mrs. Ralph Rukard, R. E. Sweetwood, D. W. Sweetwood, J. K. Biner, Mrs. Charles Krape, Titus Gramley, C. G. Decker, Cleve Brungard, C. B. Stover.

REBERSBURG

C. H. Smull, Mrs. H. G. Miller, W. M. Bierly, W. J. Hackenberg, S. L. Gephart, J. W. Klinefelter.

PLEASANT GAP

Mrs. John Noll, Mrs. Frank Weaver, Lee Brooks, Samuel Reish, Edna Wolf, John Myer, Virgie Bilger, John Herman, Simon Dugan.

RENOVO

Samuel Welsh, C. J. Livingston, Florence Soder, Will Swenk, Arthur Kneply.

AARONSBURG

J. M. Harter, Chas. Wolf, Ellen Frasier, Ralph Stover, Sarah Boob.

STATE COLLEGE

George Nearhood, John Dale, Mrs. J. L. Marshall, Cornelius Musser.

OAK HALL

Mrs. Charles Whitehill, Mrs. James Gilliland, Mrs. W. A. Farree.

LEMONT

Wm. Houtz, Dale Shuey, Frank Whitehill.

Edward Moore, Tyrone. Helen Colyer, Cora Seachrist, Millheim. George Ebbs, Milesburg. Harry Osman, Harrisburg. Samuel Hoy, John Eby, Zion. Isaac Beck, Warriors Mark. George Union. E. Nettie Hagen, Beech Creek. C. B. Page, Orviston. Cora Osman, George Condo, Glenn Iron. A. I. Bloom, 625 First Avenue, Williamsport. Thomas Malone, Yarnell. Mrs. O. D. Eberts, Martha Furnace. Lot Condo, Milroy. Mrs. D. S. Peterson, Sarah McWilliams, Pennsylvania Furnace. Wm. Herman, 207 Sixth Avenue, Altoona. J. B. McCormick, Sunbury. Martin Stover. Coburn. Elmer Stump, Ruth Wagner, Mount Union. Grant Charles, Howard Bricker, Boalsburg. H. M. Woomer, John C. Hoy, Howard. J. H. Roush, Madisonburg. Bruce Greth, North Bend. Harry Armstrong, Yeagertown. R. C. McClintic, Linden Hall. Adaline Mitchell, Northumberland.

45 PER CENT GO SEPT. 19

Virtually Half of Centre County's Quota in New Army Called to Service.

Forty-five per cent instead of five per cent of Centre county's quota of the first national army will leave on Wednesday, September 19th. This was announced Wednesday evening when Sheriff Yarnell received a dispatch saying that Camp Meade will be able to accommodate that number this month.

The following 75 men have been called and of this group 53 will leave for camp Sept. 19:—

Otto Edgar Spicer
Jerome M. Ailman
Otto F. Corman
J. Paul Rumbarger
Basil J. F. Mott
Joseph J. Lingle
Charles E. Snyder
Andy Koblichik
John H. Weaver
Neil Shaw
Peter Lyons
John Blazosky
Vinton R. Schenck
John Whiteman
David A. Deitrich
Robert Lytle
Allen R. Wingard
Lewis A. Crader
Harry E. Cowpher
Sam Tanallia
Guy C. Askey
William E. Musser
James N. Dayon
John Kiminski
Frank T. Hess
James Slaven
Sylvester R. Walk
Harry A. Holderman
John Benzie
Effin Lawick
John T. Rowan
Caud Confer
Boyd L. Friday
Thomas McNish
John Koshko
John Nelson
Frank Poli
Harry B. Watson
Thomas A. Richards
Maines T. Bowers
Jacob R. Lee
George F. Shawver
Frank H. Cadwallader
Victor N. Holt
Frank J. Miller
Kiner C. McClure
John R. Burns
Frank D. Poorman
Emil Joswick
Floyd T. Woomer
Jacob F. Musick
Paul J. Tate
Otto W. Nowatka
Alfred H. Walker
Howard H. Rowland
Joseph L. Bryan
Samuel R. Barnhart
John Grandi
John Kaspick
Elmer M. Watkins
Claud L. Whitehall
Armine E. Shirk
Edwin A. Lebkicher
James R. Garman
Ralph L. Rachau
George A. Crawford
Giorami Pezzin
Calvin R. Coble
William R. Lytle
Michael Sefick
Clifford A. Hiltman
Earl C. Hosband
John E. Smith
Alfred C. Emenhizer
Herman B. Eves

Chicken Supper at Martha.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church at Martha will hold a chicken supper in their church building on Saturday evening, next. Ice cream, cake, etc., will also be served. The public is urgently requested to attend and patronize a worthy cause.

Films taken for development and printing—at Green s.

County W. C. T. U. Convention at Unionville.

The largest convention in eight years of the Centre County Woman's Christian Temperance Union was that at Unionville Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

The convention speaker this year was Mrs. Viola D. Romans, of Columbus, Ohio, National W. C. T. U. lecturer and organizer as well as a Chantauqua lecturer of repute and state officer of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union. After the formal opening of the convention at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning by the county president, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, of Bellefonte, the singing of the Crusade hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," Mrs. Romans read the 146th Psalm, called the "Crusade Psalm," giving a brief history of how this name came to be applied to this particular psalm. This psalm and the hymn mentioned were used by the early crusaders in the temperance reform, that little band of timid yet brave consecrated Christian women who over forty years ago went forth from their quiet homes in the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, and entered every saloon, kneeling and praying on the dirty floors, converting the bartenders and owners and succeeded in closing the saloons in the town and many others throughout the state. That was the beginning of the great organization which today is recognized as the largest and best organized force of Christian womanhood the world has ever known, having, as it does, unions in fifty countries of the world, so that, like the British Empire "the sun never sets" on its dominion, and has a membership of over half a million.

Pennsylvania numbers forty-three thousand while Centre County boasts of over six hundred in its twenty-four unions.

After disposing of the business of the morning session a touching memorial service was held in honor of those members who has passed away within the year. Among the telegrams of greetings sent was one to Mrs. John P. Harris of Bellefonte, vice-president-at-large and former county president, the only one of the general officers absent, whose frail health made it impossible for her to attend.

At the afternoon session, after the opening devotional exercises, the president's address and the reports of the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Clees, of Philipsburg, and the treasurer, Mrs. Kapp, of State College, were in order.

The president, Miss Rhoads, in her address dwelt upon the necessity of this withdrawal into the presence of the Almighty and publicly expressed gratitude and appreciation of the omnipetent care over the organization during the past year, drawing attention to the fact that the marvelous growth in temperance sentiment is but the answer to the prayers of the faithful workers in the years that are long past, who sowed what we are now reaping. In a brief resume of the year's progress she drew attention to the fact of twenty-six of our states being in the dry column, beside the District of Columbia, Alaska and Porto Rico and all of Canada except Quebec, and spoke of the many restrictions and limited hours for selling intoxicants in Great Britian and France. She then spoke of the work done in Centre county within the year, showing that seven new unions had been organized as follows: Port Matilda, Julian, Zion, Runville (which doubled its membership) Hannah and Boalsburg, two re-organized—Pleasant Gap and Sandy Ridge, besides eight Young People's Branches being started—at Philipsburg, Pine Grove Mills, Sandy Ridge, Martha, Milesburg, Centre Hall, Millheim, Rebersburg. A large amount of legislative work in the form of petitions, letters and resolutions to congressmen, legislators and senators has been done. Remonstrance work—the publishing of the names of the signers to liquor license petitions—the distribution of copies of the anti-cigarette laws of Pennsylvania—the prize essays in the schools—the medal contests have all been carried on successfully. The Red Cross has received incalculable aid from the W. C. T. U. all over the county. Comfort bags and testaments were given to all the soldier boys, including the ambulance corps, garments were made for the French orphanage, and for our own poor.

The Cor. Sec's. report was of necessity mostly a repetition of the president's summary. The treasurer's report brought forth a round of applause, showing as it did such a comfortable balance for county work after several hundreds of dollars had been paid out to national, state and world work, contributed by the various unions. Five national W. C. T. U. speakers, three state officers and three distinguished men, besides many others less prominent have spoken throughout the county under W. C. T. U. auspices.

Mrs. Romans' address which followed the treasurer's report was more in the line of instruction and helpful suggestion for further successful prosecution oft he work. She urged more social meetings—separating the business and social meetings—advocated membership contests. A propos of this at the morning session it was announced that a white satin banner would be presented to the county by the president on which would be painted one red rose. This to be given at end of each year to that union making largest percentage of gain in membership, a rose to be painted each time this gain is recorded—the slogan to be "watch our bouquet grow." Delightful stirring music enlivened all sessions under the able leadership of Miss Gladys Dunkle, of State College. At the afternoon session one of the most interesting features was the one to two minute reports from local presidents, each telling of their special work of the year—a great many took part in this—more present than at any previous convention in years.

A charming demonstration by the tiny Temperance Light Bearers—children under nine years of age, ended the afternoon session. At the openings of the evening session Rev. Carson led the devotional exercises after which songs by the Loyal Temperance Legioners, young people between the ages of nine and fifteen were rendered in an inspiring manner. The Greetings by Mrs. Williams, Pres. of the Unionville Union followed, gracefully responded to by Mrs. F. W. Smith, president of Centre Hall union.

This was followed by a beautifully rendered vocal solo by Miss Rumberger, of Unionville. Mrs. Romans then took the platform and delivered the address of the evening in her inimitably charming and masterly style, which brought forth rounds of applause from time to time from the large audience present. Her subject was along the lines of true patriotism—that which would make the world safer and cleaner for our soldier boys and others.

She spoke of the horror and grief which would take possession of us if at the end of a year's warfare we read of one hundred thousand of our country's bravest men being sacrificed on the European battlefields—yet one hundred thousand and more every year in this country of ours go down to drunkard's graves—and how few take it really to heart and realize the true meaning of the Bible's assertion "that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven." She spoke of President Wilson's and Mr. Hoover's appeals to the women of the land to save bread crusts, and yet no word was sent forth to the men of the nation to refrain from tobacco and intoxicants. She asked why when meatless and wheatless days are being asked of the peopl should there not be a beerless and smokeless day as well? Just one day's abstinence from smoking and beer-drinking would save for our country millions of dollars for the nation's defense. She also dwelt upon the enormous waste of grain in the manufacture of beer and wine.

She spoke with righteous indignation of the fact that in France today our American soldiers are given wine and intoxicants in their daily rations. She said President Wilson should have set forth his ultimatum in the very beginning that not one soldier of ours should be sent across the waters to aid the fighting nations unless positive assurance be given that the rations for this brave young manhood should not contain the poisonous liquor which our own country has seen fit and deemed wisest to prohibit entirely to our soldier boys. This sentiment was loudly applauded.

The following resolution was moved and unanimously adopted and ordered to be sent to Mr. Hoover at Washington: "We, the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Centre County, Pennsylvania in convention assembled gladly to go on record as willing to assist the Government in every movement for food conservation, but we protest against the use of food stuffs in the brewing of beer which makes a wast of food far greater than can be saved in many homes. We further recommend that all women include a protest in their registration against the inconsistency of our Government in urging the women of the nation to extreme economy, while it refuses to prohibit the waste of food stuffs in brewing of beer."

"Signed Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, Pres. "Mrs. A. M. Clees, Corresponding Sec."

A few stirring remarks from Dr. R. L. Weston, Secretary Bellefonte Y. M. C. A., and the closing prayer by Rev. Carson closed the evening session, after which an informal and very pleasant "Get Acquainted hour" was enjoyed before those present dispersed for the night.

The chief features of Thursday morning's session were the reports from the various superintendents of departments, the organization of a county "Y. P. B." (Young People's Branch), the silver medal contest and a brief talk by Rev. Brandt, Supt. of the Anti-Saloon League.

The superintendents reported much work accomplished along the various lines they were interested in especially. The County Y. P. B. elected the following officers: Miss Gladys Dunkle, State College, superintendent; Mr. Edward Thompson, of Philipsburg, president; Miss R. N. Rhoads, Bellefonte, and Prof. A. L. Wright, of State College, vice president; Miss Bertha Flagg, State College, recording and Miss Bertha Hancock, Philipsburg, corresponding secretary and Miss Eloise Buck, Unionville, treasurer. Announcement was made that the State Y. P. B. annual convention is to be held in Bellefonte next June, which will be a great event in Centre Co. W. C. T. U.'s history.

The five young participants in the Silver Medal Contest were all between the ages of twelve and fourteen inclusive and each recited their selections in such an interesting way that the three judges—Mrs. Romans, Prof. Wright and Rev. Brandt found it difficult to award the prize—a silver medal. However it was finally bestowed upon Miss Peters, of Milesburg, with special honorable mention to Blanchard Holt, of Unionville. To each of the others attractive little pins were given. Those who took part were: Miss Alice Davis and Sarah Minnemyer, of Bellefonte; Miss Hulda Kines, of Blanchard; Miss Vera Peters, of Milesburg, and Blanchard Holt of Unionville. It is hoped at next year's convention a Gold Medal contest can be held by winners of silver medals. A beautiful solo was rendered by Mrs. Wright pres., of State College union during the contest. Rev. Brandt's remarks were of much interest, but lack of time precluded a fuller presentation of the political situation in the state, which he had been asked to give.

The presentation by Miss Dunkle, of State College, of the interesting work of the first Penna. W. C. T. U. Training School at Millersville this summer, which she attended as a student, in company with Miss Rhoads of Bellefonte, was a feature of the Wednesday morning session.

The Thursday morning session proved too short to finish all the business so all that left unfinished, which included the election of officers, was carried over to the Central and Executive committee meeting to be called the latter part of this month.

In the closing moments of the convention the white ribbon was tied upon the tiny wrist of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, of Unionville, as was also done earlier to the two little boys, twins, of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, of Unionville, initiating these little ones thus early in their lives in this great temperance band.

The forming in a circle while clasping hands and singing together "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," with the benediction, fittingly closed this thirty-second annual convention of the Centre County Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The cordial hospitality for which Unionville is justly noted, did everything toward making this convention the success it was, for which the delegates are truly grateful.

FEW PRIMARY CONTESTS

Bellefonte Borough has Several Interesting Skirmihses on Hand.

There hasn't been very much stir on the surface of things, but there is considerable activity in a quiet way preliminary to the primary election to be held throughout Centre County on Wednesday, September 19th. This applies particularly to Bellefonte borough, where there are two interesting contests under way, one for nominations for burgess and the other for nominations for tax collector. For nomination for burgess the opposing aspirants are Edmund Blanchard and W. Harrison Walker, both seeking Republican as well as Democratic indorsement. As stated, the surface is about as serene as could be imagined, but underneath—well, underneath there is some smooth campaigning going on and unless all signs are wrong there will be doings at the polls next Wednesday. It may be that either of the two contestants will capture both party nominations, although it is more than probable that each will land a place on his respective party ticket and that the real fight will not be waged until November.

For Republican nomination for tax collector in Bellefonte the aspirants are Maurice J. Kelly, Horace M. Musser, R. B. Montgomery and Harry Badger. The atmosphere is thick with comments regarding the party loyalty of this or that candidate and hints that the primaries may be attended with surprises. This comment originates mainly from the active supporters of the several aspirants. So far as the public is concerned the contest is viewed as unusually lively and the prevailing feeling is "let the best man win." In the Democratic camp there are three contestants for this nomination. J, Kennedy Johnston is seeking another term. John M. Keichline, a former tax collector, is making one of his old-time thorough canvasses, and John J. Bower is also rounding up as many prospective votes as possible. There are several interesting skirmishes for seats in borough Council. As usual, the three wards in the borough have lively fights on hand for purely local or party offices.

As has been explained in a previous article, the only county office for which nominations will be made next Wednesday is that of jury commissioner. John D. Decker, present commissioner, is out for renomination on the Republican ticket, as is also Joseph Emerick for a place on the Democratic ticket. Emerick has opposition in A. C. Ripka, of Centre Hall. W. Goss is also seeking Republican nomination.

Thief Got Cold Feet.

Last week in all the local papers was found a notice of the Bellefonte school board offering $25 for the recovery of the L. C. Smith typewriter which was stolen from the High school building some time during vacation. The fellow who took it must have been a close reader of the weekly papers as on Thursday afternoon Rev. Malcolm DeP. Maynard, rector of the Bellefonte Episcopal church, found the typewriter in the vestibule of that place of worship which is just across the way from the school house. The church is open every day for prayer or rest and the thief evidently got cold feet, and at an opportune time left it where it was found. Of course he hasn't made any claim for the reward.

Reject Paving Bid.

Announcement was made at Harrisburg last week that quite a number of bids for State highway paving had been rejected because of high prices submitted. The bids rejected included that for paving South Water Street, in Bellefonte borough. The highways for which bids were rejected will be re-advertised. Owing to advancing prices for materials and labor, as well as delays due to freight embargoes, contractors all over the State are hesitating about bidding on highway work, fearing they will suffer loss.

TROOP L AND GUN TROOP DUE IN GEORGIA TODAY

Centre County Guardsmen Started South Tuesday.

FRANCE OR BORDER?

Destination of Soldiers after Training Period at Camp Hancock is Uncertain —Sadness Marks Farewell Scenes on Tuesday.

Troop L, of Bellefonte, and the Mounted Machine Gun Troop, of Boalsburg, bade adieu to home ties and home scenes and departed Tuesday morning for Camp Hancock, at Augusta, Georgia. At that point the troops will continue training preliminary to being sent to France, or perhaps to the Mexican border.

Quite a large crowd was at the Pennsylvania railroad station to say goodbye to the departing troopers. The deep significance of the occasion banished any thought of a demonstration. To many a mother and father or wife or brother it was an occasion marked only with sadness and when the troop train slowly pulled out some of the soldiers attempted to wave cheery goodbyes, but the assemblage on the station platform was one in which eyes were wet with tears and hands trembled as they waved a silent farewell.

Troop L got away from Bellefonte at 8.45 o'clock in the morning, traveling via Lock Haven and at which point Troop K, of that place, was picked up. The Mounted Machine Gun Troop traveled via Lewisburg, leaving Oak Hall shortly before 9 o'clock and scheduled to join Troops L and K at Sunbury and proceed to Harrisburg and then start for Georgia. Two days was the estimated time for the trip to Camp Hancock. Each trooper was provided with a lunch box and rations, a contribution from citizens.

The orders to start South on Tuesday were made public last Friday morning and from that time [illegible] departure the local armory presented a scene of continuous activity. The work of loading equipment on the train was begun on Monday, the cavalry horses not being taken to the cars, however, until early Tuesday morning. At 8.30 o'clock on Tuesday Troop L lined up in front of the armory and a few seconds later, at a brief command from Captain Curtin, swung into fours front and marched to the railroad station, the hospital corps, Major Huff commaning, bringing up the rear. At the station no time was lost in boarding the train and parents and friends pressed forward for the privilege of final farewells. A few minutes later and the signal was given to leave and the troop train pulled out and soon was on its way. Every member of Troop L but one was on board. The missing trooper was Private Gottwalt He went to Atlantic City several days ago and did not arrive in Bellefonte in time to leave on the troop train.

SEEK PARDON FOR D. O. DOWNING

His Attorneys Will go Before the Pardon Board on October, 17th.

Patterson & Patterson, attorneys at Clearfield, are now getting the necessary legal papers in shape to go before the State Board of Pardons at Harrisburg on Wednesday, October 17th, and ask for a pardon for D. O. Downing, of Port Matilda, who is now serving sentence on an indictment charging him with an attempt to kill H. M. Hoover, cashier of the First National Bank at Curwensville last year, the full account of which appeared in The Republican at the time.

After his conviction at Clearfield he was taken to the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh, where he was confined for several months and afterward was transferred to the Rockview Western Penitentiary, near Bellefonte, where he has been ever since. He has been conducting himself in a manner that shows he is trying to do the right thing under the circumstances and there are no signs he would be an actor again in the same kind of a tragedy, thus every indication points to the fact that his case will receive a reasonable consideration by the board. On November 27th, 1916, he was sentenced to two to five years in the penitentiary, and as a certain time is allowed to be extracted from the sentence for good behavior he has just about a year to serve.

Presented with Wrist Watch.

Captain H. Laird Curtin, of Troop L., was recently presented with a valuable Elgin radio wrist watch, the gift of a number of friends who at the time were enjoying an outing at the Masonic camp near Curtin.

A FRATERNAL VISIT

Tyrone Odd Fellows Guests of Stormstown Lodge.

Last Thursday evening the members of the Tyrone Lodge No. 152, I. O. O. F., went to Stormstown and were guests of the Odd Fellows Lodge at that place. The Half Moon lodge whose secretary is Ira G. Burket, had been duly notified and were on the lookout when the delegation from Tyrone arrived.

After general hand-shaking and a royal welcome had been extended the guests soon found themselves in the cosy and pleasant lodge room where the Tyrone members looked into the faces of a lodge room full of sturdy and respected farmers, some of the best products of Half Moon valley. To say that the evening was delightfully and profitably spent would be expressing it just about right, and when at the close of their lodge session the visitors were escorted to the banquet hall and regaled with a choice corn supper, all were enthusiastic in voicing exclamations of praise in behalf of the brethren who had so generously provided entertainment for their guests.

It was just about two years ago that lodge 152 paid a former visit to Half Moon lodge, and the evening was passed so pleasantly that the "Hike" committee just knew that the simple announcement of a trip to Stormstown meant a crowd and a royal good time. It was after midnight when a jolly but tired crowd of Odd Fellows whizzed into Tyrone, having spent another of those joyful "hike" evenings for which this lodge has become famous.

For this occasion the large auto truck of H. M. Cowher was chartered and contained twenty-one Odd Fellows who were conveyed to Stormstown via Warrior's Mark. The return trip was made via Port Matilda and the ride through the Bald Eagle mountains was most picturesque, the moon shining brightly from a cloudless sky.

Figure Your Chance.

You can do anything with figures, so Roger W. Babson, the nation's greatest statistician, uses them to show that war is not such a dangerous business after all. Mr. Babson, after spending three years collecting casualty figures from Europe, compiling them, making them stand on their hind legs, roll over, line up for inspection and answer to their names at roll call, has arrived at the following conclusion:

Fourteen out of every 15 men who have gone to war so far have been safe.

Under present conditions, not more than 1 man in 30, is killed, not more than 1 in 60 on the western front, where [illegible] case is taken of human lives.

But 1 man in 300 loses a limb, a much better average than in the more hazardous occupation of railroading, steel mill workings, etc., at home.

Furthermore, most of the wounds received are of a superficial nature and do not incapacitate the wounded for more than a few weeks at the longest. During the three years of war, France has discharged but 300,000 soldiers because of the severity of war wounds.

Therefore, looking at the matter in light of cold-blooded statistics, the business of going to war is not one tenth as dangerous as the folks at home believe it is.

Must Wear Old Clothes.

Drafted men for mobilization camps are directed in regulations issued recently to take a minumum of civilian clothing and personal belongings, toilet articles, towels and handkerchiefs are recommended and no objection will be made to changes of under clothing but other articles are frowned upon.

Attention is called to the fact that civilian clothing will be discarded when camp is reached and to those not desiring to send such apparel back home, it was suggested that clothing not worth keeping be worn. The men may carry only light hand baggage on the train, and, as suit-cases and hand bags will not be allowed for permanent use at camp articles may be carried in bundles if desired.

Before reporting to the local board drafted men should have their hair cut very short; should be bathed and wear clean clothing. To insure quick communication with his family, each recruit is advised to provide himself with post cards or stamped envelopes.

Roosevelt on Birth Reform

"Apparently some persons regard it as satisfactory answer to point out that some worthless or hopeless poverty-stricken families would benefit themselves and the country by having fewer children. I heartily agree to this agreement effective by limiting the production of the unfit, after we have first taken effective measures to promote the production of the unfit."

The above excerpt is from a copyrighted article "Birth Reform, from the Positive, not the Negative, Side," by Theodore Roosevelt, in the October Metropolitan Magazine.

Itching piles provoke profanity but profanity won't remove them. Doan's Ointment is recommended for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. 60c at any drug store.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

THREE BOYS KILLED

Caused by a Powder Blast at Salona on Saturday Morning.

By the explosion Saturday of several kegs of powder in an abandoned powder house of the Bellefonte Lime and Stone Company at Salona, three boys were killed.

The dead were William Snyder, 11 years old, son of W. A. Snyder, cashier of the Millhall Bank; Harry Rockey, 12, and Charles Rockey, 10, sons of Daniel Rockey, formerly of Sugar Valley. Harry Rockey was killed instantly, and Snyder and Charles Rockey died in the Lock Haven hospital.

The boys left their homes early in the morning and wandered to the old powder house located some distance from the station of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. A short time later an explosion was heard, and a sheet of flame shot up from the building, fifty feet in the air, while one side and a portion of the roof were blown away.

The men on the Thompson sawmill ran to the scene and removed the charred forms of the three boys. Two were still alive and were placed in the auto of Clinton Thompson and hurried to the hospital. They were blackened and their bodies roasted, while the hair was burned from their heads. They died within an hour.

It is believed the boys struck matches to smoke cigarettes, the powder was ignited and the explosion followed. The Rockey boys were employed on the Thompson sawmill and presumably they were on there way to work and incidentally stopped in the magazine to light cigarettes. The funeral services of the Rockey boys was held at Salona and interment was made at Loganton.

Work the Prisoner

Who should we conscript our best young men into the National army, while we continue to support many undersirable or even criminal prisoners and tramps in the safety, if not exactly in the luxury of our jail?

It is quite right therefore to work that gentry on our roads or on any public improvements. It will be better for the roads and better for the prisoners, besides being a strong deterrent to the tramp nuisance.

No mouths can be fed nowadays that do not earn their own food, and every tramp that can be kept out of the country is just that much money saved, let alone the cost to the public of keeping him in jail.

The economical side of the question is not the only one to be considered, either There is the constant menace to the safety of the whole rural community and especially to women and girls when the men are away in the fields.

In every way the argument is in favor of adopting measures for utilizing this labor, now not available, which would release men who are sorely needed to work in the fields. As shown, this would, besides saving the county money, prevent the feeding of unproductive units, benefit the roads and accomplish improvements that might otherwise not be undertaken and as well benefit the men themselves by employing them in useful ways instead of letting them remain in idleness. Work the prisoners and tramps by all means.

First Army for Germany.

The United States first army which will carry war to Germany has began mobilizing and from every section of the country trains are speeding to cantonments with first quota of drafted men, five per cent of those certified for service being called to the colors. Approximately thirty thousand reports reaching General Crowder's office where "mobilization is being carried out with minimum confusion." Secretary Baker sent this God speed to the men of the national army:—"You are preparing to strike decisive blows at the turning point in human history. You are the pride of Republics and the hope of free people everywhere. You'll be welcomed as comrades in arms by veterans who have broken the attack of autocracy in Europe. You'll be watched by the whole world. Prepare quickly, strike hard and bear yourselves gallantly before friends and foe."

Rural Carrier Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the County of Centre, Pa., to be held at Tyrone at 10.30 a. m., on Oct. 13th to fill the position of rural carrier at Port Matilda, and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above-mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, a splendid remedy for emergencies.

We do all kinds of job work. Give us a trial. Prices reasonable.

DIRT AND DISEASE.

Man Alone Has Typhoid Fever, and He Gets It From Filth.

To be the consort of a queen and yet to die of a disease that is caused by filth!

That was the fate of Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, who died at the prime age of forty-two from typhoid fever, a disease that is wholly preventable.

Typhoid fever is found only in man. It is caused by a short rod shaped microscopic vegetable which enters the body through the mouth and leaves it in human discharges to enter another human mouth, to which it is carried by fingers, flies, fluids and food.

It is essentially a disease of young adult life. Older people are less apt to have it, probably because they have suffered from an attack of the disease in their youth.

Typhoid fever is known by various names—"slow fever," "low fever"—but, whatever name it is called by, it kills about 8 per cent of those whom it attacks.

A certain percentage of those who recover become carriers—that is, persons who, though well, secrete the organisms in their discharges.

Carriers are largely responsible for the perpetuation of typhoid fever, but the installation of proper sewer systems, the abolition of flies, cockroaches and other filth insects, the maintenance of a pure food supply and the intelligent care of the victim of the disease are the measures which if rigidly enforced will rid the country of the disease.—New York Mail.

LIKE INVERTED RAIN.

Luckily For the Aviator, He Was Out of Range of the Drops.

It will be easily understood, writes C. G. Grey in "Tales of the Flying Service," that before a bullet that has been shot straight upward begins to fall there must be a point where it stands dead still and that for the last part of its upward flight it travels very slowly. One officer of my acquaintance told me, after some months of war, that his most curious experience was when once, and once only, he discovered the exact extreme range point.

He was flying along quite peacefully on a bright, sunny morning at an altitude of a little over 8,000 feet, without worrying about anything, when suddenly he saw something bright dart past the side of the machine. He began to look about him and saw, a shade below him and a trifle to one side, a whole stream of little bright things glittering in the sun.

Then he realized that he had just struck a level that happened to be the extreme vertical range of a machine gun that was making uncommonly good shooting. Other bullets from rifles and other machine guns also flashed into view as he flew along, and when his eyes caught the right focus he could follow the slow, topmost part of their movement for a considerable distance. "It looked," he said, "just as if it were raining upward," and the phenomenon was so novel that he quite forgot for a time that the "raindrops" indicated that he was unpopular with some one below.

Bomb Dropping Balloons.

The first bomb dropping balloons were humble enough and equally futile. Balloons had been used in war as early as the siege of Maubeuge by the Austrians for observation purposes. The first talk of bomb dropping was in 1812, when the Russians were said to have a huge balloon for that purpose, but nothing was done with it. In 1847, however, the Austrians, when attacking Venice, sent up paper fire balloons, which were to drop bombs into the town. But they forgot to allow for contrary air currents. The balloons got into such a current and, drifting back over the Austrian lines, bombed them instead of Venice.

Webster's Portrait.

Daniel Webster once sat for his portrait to G. P. Healy, and the senator's remark when he surveyed the completed picture became one of the artist's favorite anecdotes in after years. "I think," said Webster as he looked at his counterfeit presentment, "that is a face I have often shaved."

Healy found Andrew Jackson a disagreeable and unwilling "subject," and he compensated himself by painting Old Hickory with absolute fidelity to nature, not glossing a single defect. The portrait gives Jackson an ugly, savage and pallid face.

The Ship of State.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier once took a fall out of Sir Charles Tupper, for years leader of the opposition, and Sir John Macdonald. Bantering them on their self praise for their own political services to Canada, he admitted that they had sailed the ship of state fairly successfully, adding: "Sir John was at the helm and supplied the brains, while Sir Charles supplied the wind. His blowing filled the sails."—Toronto Globe.

Embarrassing.

"Do you ever see the president?" asked Willie of his uncle, who lived in Washington.

"Yes, nearly every day," was the reply.

"And does he ever see you?" queried the little fellow.—Chicago News.

Size of It.

"Send me a ton of coal."

"What size?"

"Well, a 2,000 pound ton would suit me, if that's not asking too much."—Life.

Sympathy.

The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—Byron.

ROMANTIC SICILY.

The Men and the Fame of This Wonder Island of History.

Sicily's history is as vivid and picturesque, as ferocious and creative and destructive, as mythical and intensely practical, as the stories of all the rest of the world put together. And in beauty of nature, of climate or man and of beast the island is a paradise today, whether or not it was ever the workless, painless, passionless elysium where our first ancestors enjoyed all the good things of life without having to toil.

Nature itself, now in the guise of the misunderstood gods of old, now in convulsions or in quiet fertility that science has made plain to us, weaves its mysterious shuttle through and through the highly colored fabric.

And men—such men!—tower above their fellows in the story like Titans—Pindar, Aeschylus, Theocritus, Thucydides, Archimedes, the two great Hierons, Cicero, Verres, Diodorus, Hamilcar and Hannibal, Roger the Count and Roger the King, Belisarius, the great crusaders Richard of the Lion Heart and Louis the Saint of France, Charles of Anjou, Frederick II., the "wonder of the world," and Garibaldi. Even this partial list reads like a compendium of ancient and medieval romance and chivalry.—National Geographic Magazine.

MOTORCAR TIRES.

To Lengthen Their Lives Keep Them Free From Oil and Grease.

It is pretty generally known that gasoline, grease, oil and other fatty substances are solvents of rubber.

If garage floors are not kept clean and tires stand in a pool of oil the treads soften and the traction strains in service stretch the rubber in a wavy outline, eventually causing it to separate from the fabric body underneath.

Probably the most damage is experienced from grease, in the differential housing, working out into the brake drums and then on to the side walls of the tires. This may result from loose bearings or too much grease or from using grease not suitable for differential.

Grease and oil may be very easily removed by using a rag saturated in gasoline. Gasoline, although a solvent, evaporates quickly and, if applied in small quantities, will not cause any injury when used as a cleaning agent.

Ordinary injuries to the rubber cover do not prevent successful repairs, but not often can work be well done when materials have been affected by oil or grease. Invariably blistering during vulcanization results.—Popular Science Monthly.

Writing on a Moving Train.

Writing legibly on a fast moving train is difficult to a person unaccustomed to do it. The railroad conductor knows the trick of it and manages to get along quite satisfactorily. He prefers to write in a standing position and holds his right elbow firmly against his side. The reason for this is that in a sitting posture there is too much lateral movement in the trunk of the body, while in a standing position this is more easily controlled.

When the arm swings freely, as in ordinary writing, several joints of the body are affected in the process, each of which is capable of its own motion. Holding the elbow against one's ribs breaks those motion tendencies, except that of the wrist, which movement is necessary in writing, and thus the pencil or pen is more easily controlled.

Cautious.

A lawyer happened to be acquainted with a juror in a petty civil case, and he met him during a recess of the court. The lawyer was just "lighting up," and under ordinary circumstances he would have offered the other a cigar unhesitatingly, but it occurred to him that it might not look right.

"I suppose," he said guardedly, "that a cigar would not influence your verdict?"

The juror was equally cautious.

"A good one wouldn't," he replied, "but a poor one might prejudice me."

He got a good cigar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Study of Books.

We enter our studies and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offense to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises a tumult in our presence. Each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.—Landor.

A Distinction.

"I'm glad to see that you have gone into partnership with Flubdub. A good move."

"Why, I have heard you speak of him as a thorough scoundrel."

"Politically, yes. Commercially he's all right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Subconscious Wishes.

When a girl dreams it is that she is being married in a church crowded with former suitors who are crying so loud that the strains of the wedding march cannot be heard.—Capper's Weekly.

Merely a Hint.

Kitty—Harry says he loves me for myself alone. Bertha—I suppose that's his way of saying your mother must be kept out of the family.—Exchange.

You Can't Beat Them.

He—Before I was married I thought women were angels. She—Well, finish it—now you know they are.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Suard.

Soldiers May Vote.

American citizen soldiers, whether located in cantonments of the national army, mobilization centers of the National Guard, or even in France with the expeditionary forces, may vote at the fall elections if their respective States establish voting machinery at the camps.

Provost Marshal General Crowder said that there was no bar to the voting of guardsmen or drafted soldiers so far as the Federal government was concerned and that the only obstacle would be the absence of state legislation on the subject.

Many States have laws in some cases dating back to the Civil war, permitting citizens under arms to vote when away from the home precinct. Last fall while the National Guard was mobilized on the Mexican border other States enacted legislation permitting the troops to cast ballots in national, State and municipal elections. Substantially the same process will be followed this fall, ballots of soldiers from States making the necessary arrangements being mailed from the camp or cantonment.

Every State is the judge of the voting qualifications of its electors, but in the absence of a Presidential or Congressional campaign it is doubtful if many States will care to undertake polling any of their men who may be in France this year.

They Caught Him.

The Clearfield Republican says in looking over the list of young men refused exemption by the local board we could not refain from at least one Amen when the name of a young man living over along the Moshannon greeted the eye. A year or so ago this fellow was damning President Wilson and calling him every kind of coward for not licking Mexico and Germany. He was more than vituperative and often embellished his denunciation of the chief executive with the statement that he still had in his possession the crepe he used in his home when President McKinley was assassinated and hoped that he would soon have a chance to use it for Woodrow Wilson. Well, this fellow was among the first to be drafted. His number came out early. But it was no sooner out than he began to whine and hunt reason for exemption. He finally found one. His grandmother is living and he promptly used her for his purpose. He set up the claim that she is dependent upon him for support. But he was not able to pull it off. His grandmother is now and for years has been receiving a pension from Uncle Sam. Last week the Clearfield Exemption Board passed on his claim and refused it. He will now have to go to the front or desert. What he will do with the crepe has not been ascertained.

"No More for Me."

It is dangerous business nowadays for people to walk up to a bar and invite the boys to "have one," unless you first consult your bank account. This was demonstrated the other day to a Tyrone man in Johnstown. Saying, "Well boys its time to hit the hay," he invited two of his companions to indulge in a "night cap" with him. Two took whiskey and one took gin. He handed the mixologist a dollarbill, who returned 35 cents in change. "You must have made a mistake," said the Tyrone man, holding out his hand with the quarter and ten in it "Guess not," replied the bar-tender. "Two whiskeys—40, and one gin—25. The change, 35 cents." And so saying he proceeded to wipe off the bar with a rag which it is presumed will be distilled later on to extract the spirits. "No more for me," said the Tyrone man, as he turned away from the bar. And perhaps this, after all, is a partial solution of the problem.

One way to relieve habitual constipation is to take regularly a mild laxative. Doan's Regulets are recommended for this purpose. 30c. a box at all drug stores.

BACKACHE IS A WARNING

Bellefonte People Should Not Neglect Their Kidneys.

Backache is often nature's most frequent signal of weakened kidneys. To cure the pains and aches, to remove the lameness when it arises from weakened kidneys, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. If you have pain through the small of your back, bladder disorders, headaches, dizzy spells, or are nervous and depressed, start treating the kidneys with a tested kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been proved good and are especially for weak kidneys. Doan's have been used in kidney trouble for over 50 years. Read this Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., says: "I suffered from backache and severe pains across my loins. I also had headaches and dizzy spells, when I got up in the morning. Bladder disorders caused me a lot of annoyance. My attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills and I began taking them, getting my supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. One box removed the backache and relieved me of the other trouble from my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me a lot and I always have a good word for them."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Thal had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Soldier Became Able Lawyer.

After his course at West Point, Enoch H. Crowder distinguished himself on the fighting line at various points, but his superiors discovered in him so much intellectual ability that he had important legal duties in the military service imposed upon him. In time he rose to be Judge Advocate General of the Army. Later he was appointed Provost Marshal General of the U. S. Army and recently he gained wide commendation for the admirable manner in which he arranged for and superintended the selective draft for the National Army. The story of his career is told in the "Men Who Are Winning the War" series by William H. Crawford, and may be read in Leslie's of Sept. 8th.

Half an Hour Visit.

Elmer N. May walked from Washington, D. C. to State College, by way of Atlantic City and Philadelphia, recently to visit W. F. Cleaver, editor of The Times. A telegram was being held at the College for Mr. May notifying him he was to report at the Signal Service department at once. As a result, his visit at the college lasted just half an hour—after a four hundred mile walk.

Simpson Honstine Dead

John Simpson Honstine, one of Huntingdon's best known characters is dead. He was a unique character and was prepared for death. A year ago he had his grave dug and brick lined, he also had a tombstone erected and his funeral expenses were paid and all arrangements were made a long time before his death.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
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HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.
Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.
Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Fighting Death In the Ice

Escaping Convict Rejects Freedom to Save a Friend.

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS

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A sleigh dashed up to the little country station, and a gaunt, disheveled prisoner, heavily handcuffed and bespattered with the slushy snow of a thawing March day, stepped upon the platform, closely followed by Sheriff Peterson. He dropped down upon the baggage truck in the stooping posture necessitated by the irons and looked dully out across the whitened pastures to the river, whose wet ice glistened in the sun. The officer stood a few feet behind him, watching his slightest movement.

"Gee! They've caught Al Brock!" A score of collarless loafers came pouring out of the waiting room from about the leprous stove and stared in open mouthed wonder at the man on the truck. Had the redoubtable sheriff appeared with a chained lion they could not have been more fascinated, more awed.

"It was them bloodhounds that done it. They tracked him forty mile through the woods."

They ventured a little nearer.

"He was in our barn for more 'an a week and lived on milk and pulped turnips, but we didn't know nothing about it till afterward. Gee!"

HE DEALT THE SHERIFF A TERRIFIC BLOW.

The figure on the truck stirred, and the crowd fell back.

"Come on up nearer. He's handcuffed. He can't hurt you."

"Not much! He smashed Joe Porter to a jelly with the handcuffs on the last time they took him."

A whistle screeched somewhere behind an orchard, the escaping steam shot up above the trees, and as the station master hurried out with a mail sack and a red flag the prisoner rose stiffly, and the sheriff led him down the platform.

The train wheezed and clanked to a standstill, and the two men climbed on at the rear. Then, like a flash, Al Brock jerked his narrowed left hand (two fingers and a strip of the hand had been blown away by the explosion of a gun) from its manacle and dealt the sheriff a terrific blow upon the head with the dangling iron, felling him to the floor, and before the rear platform moved up in sight of the loafers leaped with the senseless man down the embankment at the farther side of the track.

As the train moved away Al looked cautiously about him. The station master had removed the flag from the edge of the platform and was entering the waiting room. The loafers were hurrying away toward the corner grocery to spread the news. Half way up the bank the sheriff lay sprawling upon his face. At the siding three men were loading lumber upon a flat car. He crept cautiously along until screened by intervening box cars, then vaulted the fence and ran toward the river. On the other side lay the United States and freedom—unless his confederate smugglers failed him.

Reaching the river he sprang out upon the ice, splashing straight on with head down, through the puddles that the sun had melted upon its surface. Suddenly he stopped short, arrested by the rhythmic crunch of ice under the feet of a sharp calked horse and, looking up, he saw a sleigh heading straight toward him. At first he thought it was a revenue officer and stood ready to fight till he died rather than be captured. Then he saw a black plume past the horse's head and a moment later recognized Sheriff Peterson's wife. For a moment he stared, dumfounded, then looked desperately about him for a hiding place. Why, of all the women in the world, must he meet her and have her look upon his shame? Suddenly he laughed an ugly laugh and moved with head down straight toward the approaching horse and as the animal came opposite sprang and caught the bridle.

"Al Brock!" For a long moment the sheriff's wife sat motionless, paralyzed with astonishment and fear. Then she snatched the whip and struck the horse across the flank. It leaped forward with a snort, but with one hand gripping its nostrils Al threw it back upon its haunches.

"Get out!"

She looked at his face and then stepped out upon the ice without a word.

He leaped into the sleigh and, whirling the horse about, started at a gallop toward the American side. "You'd better trot along home and patch up Bob's head. It needs it!" he called over his shoulder. Then as escape became almost certain he laughed his old devil may care laugh and began to soothe the fine black roadster that under happier circumstances had once been his. Fifty rods more and he would be on American soil and within a half hour's drive of Ned Fletcher's. Then Bob Peterson and the extradition treaty be hanged!

Pop, pop, pop, pop! Al gave one look upstream at the long white ridge that was moving swiftly down upon him, then seized the whip and lashed the horse into a furious run. The freshet from the melting snow in the hills was sweeping down the river, heaving up the rotten ice in a jagged ridge as it came.

"Help! Help!"

The fleeing outlaw looked back at the woman and then as the commotion drew nearer stood up in the sleigh and drove the horse to the utmost limit of its speed.

"Al! Oh, Al!" came over the ice in piteous appeal.

Al started, and the hard lines about his mouth softened as they had not softened for years. She had called him just like that when they were children playing together and the boat in which she had hidden had gone adrift above the falls.

"Al! Al!"

He looked hungrily at his "promised land," not ten rods away now, then swung the horse about and galloped back toward the woman. The ridge of heaving, splitting ice drew nearer, passed under him and left the horse floundering in the swift current among crunching ice cakes. He leaped from the sleigh and dashed on, leaving the brute to its fate. Out there where the ice was pounding, grinding, writhing, she was crouching upon a rocking cake, and he sped straight on over the heaving mass toward her with a nimbleness and sureness that had saved him a score of times from pursuing revenue officers.

"Quick, Al!" And as he snatched her from her perilous position she clung to him as though he were Al Brock of five years before instead of the most dangerous outlaw in the province.

The ice was now thoroughly broken up. It was as though the river were full of wallowing white monsters fighting each other to the death. Even with nothing to impede his flight his chances of reaching land would be remote. He knew that. He had seen three different men of his gang try to make the American side at such a time, and all three had gone over the falls.

As he leaped upon it a cake sank under him till the water reached his knees, and she gripped him convulsively. He looked at her as he had not looked at any human being for years and bounded on to the next cake. It turned over under his foot, and he sank to his armpits in water, scrambling out only a moment before the ice closed together with a grinding crunch. The jagged ice cut through his rotten boots, and he left blood at every step. He slipped to his knees again and again, clinging by his battered elbows over the edge of some tilted block, straining to keep his charge out of immediate danger. At last he stumbled and fell with a crash across a blue black slab whose adhering gravel cut like the teeth of a saw.

"Let me help myself, Al. You're killing yourself." And, scrambling to her feet, she started away, but soon slipped and fell with a dull thud, lying still by a strip of swirling water into which she had nearly plunged.

Al snatched her up and leaped across the widening channel, looking at the falls and then at the shore, still a quarter of a mile away. Could he make it? Reason and his battered body said no, but the white, still face at his shoulder with the ugly cut across the forehead cried out above reason, and he reeled on.

He was upon hands and knees now, dragging her painfully from cake to tilting cake. The one across which he was squirming collided with another, pinning fast the handcuff dangling at his wrist. He wrenched at the iron until it cut into his flesh, but could not free himself. He started to his knees and circled round and round in sudden panic, still clinging to the unconscious woman. Then the mass on which they floated struck something with a force that threw him over his fetter and nearly wrenched the pinioned arm from its socket. A glance about him revealed the truth. They were stranded upon a submerged ledge, and the ice was rapidly piling up about them.

A cake of ice as large as a half barrel crashed down within a yard of his companion's head, and he tugged at his manacle until his wrist bled in another desperate attempt to free himself. Then he crouched and waited. Behind him the jagged white wall rose steadily higher, now ominously still, now groaning loudly as the whole mass slipped forward a few feet upon the ledge. They might lie there in this sheltering half circle which screened them from view and perish from the cold that would set in with the night. The mass might topple over and crush them at any moment.

He put his free arm under her head and raised it from the wet ice. The low sun illumined the tumbled mass of reddish brown hair and revealed with startling clearness the premature lines about her eyes and mouth. He knew that he had helped to put them there; that if he had gone straight and married her five years ago she would have been a different woman. And yet he had begun smuggling in order to raise money enough to start a home as good as Bob could give her.

A prolonged growl came from the wall of ice, something snapped, and then the entire mass moved shudderingly forward. The cake on which they lay began to settle. The water crept steadily up the sides, ran into the crevices about the edge and reached his shackled hand. He drew her closer to him and with infinite difficulty placed her upon his back. One dainty ear curled like the petals of a rose was within a few inches of his mouth, and he remembered as from another world the first time he had kissed it.

The chilly water was covering his chest now, and he rose upon his elbow. It reached his shoulder, his neck, his ear; then a falling cake splashed the water into his face. For a few moments he struggled blindly, frantically, like a trapped animal, nearly losing his hold upon her wrist. When his death struggle came, would he abandon her then like a selfish coward? His fingers tightened upon her wrist with a grip of steel, and as a wave broke over his head he closed his eyes in anticipation of the end.

Pop! He instinctively clutched at the edge of the leaping cake with his manacled hand. They were out of water now, moving swiftly away on a detached piece of ice. The cakes had thinned until the black water showed everywhere between them, and the danger was greater than ever before, but he gathered her into his arms and staggered on.

A lane of water ten rods wide opened before him, and he could go no farther unless he swam. Drawing her arm about his neck, he took her sleeve between his teeth and plunged in. The sleeve gave way, and he closed his teeth upon her wrist. The ice they at last reached proved rotten, breaking under his weight again and again. Finally he rolled out like a log and, hooking his manacled wrist about a hub, drew her after him.

Shaking from his icy bath like one in an ague fit, he was stooping to pick up his burden for the final dash when suddenly he paused and looked across the clashing, grinding blocks to the shore. Yes, it was Bob Peterson running along the headland to meet him. He looked about him like a hunted animal brought to bay. Bob Peterson would have no mercy on him, even if he had saved his wife's life. To go on meant ball and chain and that horrible stone trap. Yonder was the precipice. All he had to do was to sit still and let the swift current have its way. To allow her to drift over with him before her husband's very eyes would be a crowning revenge upon the man who had hunted him so mercilessly. Ah, it was just past that headland there where she had cried to him in her childish voice from the drifting boat. For a moment he listened again to that cry as it rang in his ears across the years. Then, with set face, he snatched her up and hurried on, at length sinking exhausted with his burden upon the bank not ten rods above the brink of the falls.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the sheriff fervently as he bent above his still unconscious wife. Then his eyes encountered those of the man who had rescued her.

"Well, put on the irons. There's no more fight left in me," gasped the prostrate man defiantly, holding out his lacerated hands.

For answer the sheriff produced a long blue envelope. "Pity I didn't get it yesterday. It would 'a' saved me

HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL.

an ugly bat over the head," with a dry smile, handing the envelope to his companion.

Al, with ever increasing amazement written upon his haggard face, examined the document till he comprehended that it was his pardon, duly signed by the lieutenant governor of the province, then slowly folded it like a man in a dream. "Whose work is this, Bob?" at length with shaky voice.

"Hers," replied the sheriff, nodding toward his wife. "She wouldn't rest night or day till she got it."

For a time Al sat quite still, the muscles of his face working painfully. Then he rose slowly to his battered knees and, bending over the sheriff's wife, sobbed as can only a strong man broken upon the wheel of remorse.

OPERATING A SUBMARINE.

The Method When the Ship Is About to Make an Attack.

Every submarine has its commander—generally a captain—who acts as the very brains of the ship. No one else can give orders, for so interconnected are all the machines that the conflicting commands from more than one officer would almost surely result in an accident; hence every one reports directly to the captain through the second officer in command, who, by the way, is also responsible for the correct operation of everything from the ballast tanks to the torpedoes.

In making the attack the captain mans the periscope in the main operating room, just beneath the conning tower. The lenses and prisms in the periscope tube transmit the images from the sighting piece above the water down to the periscope eyepiece.

When the vessel dives the decks are first cleared. Then the hatches are sealed down and the oil engines are stopped in quick succession. Storage batteries are turned on to drive the electric propelling motors. Electric machinery must be used under water because the oil engines consume precious air and exhaust poisonous gases.

On the next word from the captain water from outside is allowed to fill the huge ballast tanks in the central hull. Other ballast tanks at the ends of the boat are partially filled to hold the ship on an even keel. This trimming of the submarine, of course, can be delicately controlled by the buoyancy gauges and controls in the operating room.

The weight of all this water causes the submarine to sink, but not completely. The horizontal rudders at the stern of the ship are used to give the final touches to the dive. The commander directs the man at the wheel how far down he wishes to go. By watching the depth gauges in front of him the wheelman can so tip the diving rudders that the proper depth can be found immediately and held exactly.

It takes but a minute or two to dive. In torpedoing a ship the vessel must be turned to aim the torpedo tubes, which lie parallel with the central axis of the submarine—in the bow. The command is given to fire. The gunners in the forward compartment receive the order through speaking tubes or telephones. The torpedo is discharged from its tube by compressed air.—Popular Science Monthly.

Why People Get Fat.

Among curious popular fallacies is the idea that an individual may become obese without eating too much and may remain obese even when very little food is taken. If a person each day eats a butter ball weighing only a third of an ounce in excess of the food actually needed it seems trifling, insignificant, but continued over a year it would involve a gain in weight of nine pounds of fatty tissue or in ten years of ninety pounds. An ounce of bread or half a glass of milk more than the food requirement for the day will bring about the same result. Conversely, if the quantity of food taken be only slightly below the needs of the body some of the body's own fat is used and the body weight falls, a process which may be extended over a long period of time.—Dr. Graham Lusk in World's Work.

Madrid's Throne Room.

The throne room of the royal palace at Madrid is one of the most magnificent in the world. Decorated in red and gold, it contains rock crystal chandeliers, colossal looking glasses of the finest quality, marble tables and priceless porphyry. The ceiling is painted by Tiepolo with the "Majesty of Spain," in illustration of the virtue of the kings and the manliness of the people, who are represented in the different costumes of the provinces. Here the sovereigns of Spain receive on grand occasions when alive and when dead are laid out in state.

Northcliffe's Ways.

Lord Northcliffe when he founded the London Mail was a year getting ready. The fledgling paper was issued daily, almost complete in every respect, for three months before a single copy was sold to the public. In these months Northcliffe was scouring the world for men, appraising material, sounding tendencies, getting ready to deliver a thrust that when delivered carried conviction and knowledge. If there is one thing in Northcliffe's life it is thoroughness.—Isaac F. Marcosson in Everybody's.

The Jenny Lind Rock.

The Ohio river claims among its treasures the Jenny Lind rock. The singer was a passenger on a steamer which struck on a sand bar near the rock, and while waiting for the boat to be floated Miss Lind had boatmen row her out to the rock, where she stood alone and sang a song.

Big Difference.

Uncle Ezra—So ye just got back from New York! What's the difference between the city and the country?

Uncle Eben—Waal, in the country you go to bed feeling all in and get up feeling fine, and in the city you go to bed feeling fine and get up feeling all in.—Life.

Tale the Grocer Told.

"With these high prices,' said the customer to the grocer, "you must be making a lot of money."

"No," replied the grocer. "I'm not making any more money! My customers merely owe me more." —Detroit Free Press.

It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.—Lowell.

An Escapade

It Was Perpetrated by a Girl of Seventeen

By ETHEL HOLMES

I confess that as a girl I was reckless. I will not admit that I was bad. Indeed, looking back to that period, I wonder at my innocence. I was simply unterrified at any proposition. I do not mean that I was unterrified at facing the consequences of any proposition. When I got myself into difficulty I depended upon circumstances to get me out, and circumstances sometimes manage our affairs far better than we can manage them ourselves.

My brother Tom, much older than myself, and I were orphans and lived together, Tom being more of a father to me than a brother. He was a sportsman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and since he made a companion of me he taught me a lot that a sportsman should know. At seventeen I was a good horsewoman, a good shot and did not hesitate to stand in rubber boots in a stream of rapidly running water casting for trout.

One autumn Tom was obliged to go away on a long trip. Before leaving he left certain of his affairs in my charge, instructing me to open his mail, reply to such letters as I was able and forward the others to him. While he was away an invitation came for him to visit a friend in the mountains. "We have some good trout fishing," said the gentleman, "and other amusements that I think will enable you to pass the time pleasantly. By the by, bring that little brother of yours, who, you say, has your sportsman tastes. We will enjoy having a youngster with us."

I had heard Tom speak of his friend Edward Erskine, the writer of the letter, but had never seen him. Tom's little brother probably meant me. My name is Wilhelmina, and Tom had doubtless mentioned me as Billie, giving Mr. Erskine the impression that I was a boy.

An unfortunate idea popped into my head. At first it was only an idea, for it was beyond the pale of common sense. But it gradually worked its way into my brain as something to be accomplished. It was this: to write Mr. Erskine that my brother Tom was absent and could not accept his kind invitation; that I, Billie, was much disappointed that I must be deprived of what promised to be a delightful visit on this account. If Mr. Erskine replied, extending the visit to me alone, my scheme was to get myself up in boy's clothes and go alone.

I wrote the letter, refraining from mentioning the fact that I was a girl, and mailed it. Back came the invitation I had coveted, with the words, "I don't know how old you are, Billie, but if you are something of a child my mother will give you every attention.

"Your brother has often spoken of you as being a good sport, and I feel confident I can make it all right with Tom when I see him about your coming without him. Mother and I will enjoy having a boy in the house, so pack your valise and come along. Don't bother to bring any fishing tackle, as I have all kinds here, including high rubber boots."

I certainly would have dismissed my idea had it not been for this statement, for I was not so innocent as not to know that a girl could not visit a man, unless he was a very old man, without another woman in the house. As it was, I was three days getting up my courage. I had no business to leave home with Tom away and without his permission. But the bee had got into my bonnet, and I could not get it out.

My first yielding was to buy a suit of youth's clothing. I concluded that I would pass very well for a boy. The next thing was to buy more boy's clothes, and the next was to pack them. All this while I had not made up my mind to carry out my idea. In fact, I never made up my mind to carry it out; it carried me. Even when on the train I considered getting out at the next station. And when I had passed it I considered getting out at the next.

The train and my idea took me to a station in the mountains where dwelt Mr. Erskine. I was the only passenger to alight at the station. I called a cab and asked the cabman to drive me to Mr. Erskine's. He knew where Mr. Erskine lived, and I was soon dumped out at a cottage, half frightened out of my senses. A gentleman about thirty years old was on the porch mending some fishing tackle. He looked at me, evidently wondering who I was and what I wanted.

"Are you Mr. Erskine?" I asked.

"Yes, my boy. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Billie," I faltered.

"Billie? Billie Nettleton? I'm delighted to see you. Sorry Tom is not with you. Come in. Give me that suit case."

He called "Mother," and an old lady with a pleasant face showed me to a room, where I made my toilet. I took a great deal of time for it and after it was finished spent a great deal more time in trying to screw up my courage to go downstairs. When I did so I found supper ready, and we all sat down to table, which was something of a relief to me.

"You're just in time, Billie," said Mr. Erskine. "We've had a lot of rain, and the streams have been too high for fishing, but they're now about right. We'll put in all day tomorrow in rubber boots. I've got a pair for you, though they may be a little large. We'll have a glorious day's sport."

"Do you go fishing, Mrs. Erskine?" I asked, clinging to one of my own sex for comfort.

"Mother fish? A woman in boots to her waist!" cried Mr. Erskine, laughing.

"Oh, I thought she might fish from the bank," I said, which did not make the matter any better.

Mr. Erskine looked at me with a puzzled expression. Perhaps he wondered if Tom had not given me too much credit for being a sportsman.

I pleaded fatigue from my journey as an excuse to get away by myself and went to bed very early. It seemed to me that both mother and son were looking at me with a view to detecting my imposture, and I was glad to go to my room. As I got into bed I was overwhelmed with wonder that I had been such a madcap.

However, a bright morning sun gave me courage, and I went down to breakfast determined to carry out what I had undertaken. Indeed, from this moment I rather enjoyed—at brief intervals—playing my part. Mr. Erskine and I were soon in his buggy—that was before the coming of the motorcar—and driving toward the mountain stream where we were to fish. Arriving there, Mr. Erskine pulled on his rubber boots and I pulled on mine. It was no novelty to me, since I had worn them before. I was soon standing in the stream, bracing myself against the current and casting about for trout. The stream was still rather high, and it was with difficulty that I kept on my feet.

We were fishing just above a pool that was quite deep. When I changed position I gravitated toward this pool, the water getting deeper as I approached, till it was up to my waist. I made another step forward and placed my foot nowhere. The current carried me into the pool, and I sank out of sight.

Unfortunately, in making a sportsman of me my brother had omitted teaching me how to swim. I struggled under water till I lost consciousness.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the bank, rolled hither and thither. I caught sight of Mr. Erskine, who was doing the rolling. Seeing that I had regained consciousness, he looked at me with evident relief, but with a different expression than before. I knew by it that the accident had revealed my sex.

Perhaps it was just as well that on reviving from a drowning condition my senses were blunted. Had I faced the discovery of my secret while in my ordinary strength I should have collapsed. Mr. Erskine said not a word as to the knowledge he had gained, but spoke with great kindness as to my escape from drowning. He had not been able to get me out quickly enough to prevent my coming to a state of collapse. He covered me with what he had for the purpose, then waited for me to gain sufficient strength to enable him to take me home. I was naturally in excellent health, and soon was ready for the return.

On reaching the house he carried me to my room and left me in the care of his mother, but he soon called her out. I knew, for the purpose of telling her that instead of being a boy I was a girl. However, she said nothing to me about the discovery of my sex until I had quite recovered, when she asked me if I were the sister of her son's friend. The word "sister" was confirmation of my understanding that my sex had been discovered, so I admitted that I was not really what I pretended to be, but that I was a girl instead of a boy. I did it in such evident pain that the good lady kissed me, saying:

"Never mind, dear. We don't know what prompted you to do this thing, but we will take good care of you, and you will not have to suffer for your indiscretion, at least through us."

I remained in bed the rest of the day, and the next morning Mrs. Erskine brought me in clothing befitting a girl. About noon I donned it, arose and went downstairs. Mr. Erskine was waiting for his mother and me at the lunch table. I shall never forget the comical expression on his face as he looked at me. It told far more than words could have told. If I could say it I would give it something like this:

"Of all the pranks of a girl that have ever been perpetrated since the world began this takes the cake."

After luncheon his mother withdrew and he invited me on to the porch, where he put me through a series of questions as to how I came to act as I had. When I had confessed everything he began to deliberate how he could protect me from my brother's excoriations. He finally concluded to telegraph Tom to join us as soon as possible, his sister being "with his mother."

Tom came poste haste, but I was kept out of his way till Mr. Erskine had spent an hour with him, pleading my cause. Then Tom forgave me.

Tom and I spent a week with Mr. Erskine and his mother, the two men hunting and fishing. Tom proposed to leave me behind on their outings, but Mr. Erskine would not hear of it. He said that any girl who had the hardihood to play such a prank as I had played was worthy to hunt with Nimrod. This turned my shame into assurance and I was inclined to be proud of myself. As luck would have it when we went fishing I caught more trout than either of the men.

We left the Erskines with regret, and I didn't see Mr. Erskine again for more than a year. I was then eighteen and nearly nineteen. The interval had made a great change in me. He had parted with a half child and found a woman.

The day after he came to see us he told Tom that he was not going to leave till he took me with him.

I went as his wife.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 13, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 19th, 1917.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Maurice J. Kelley for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of Tax Collector in Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the Republican voters as may be expressed at the primaries on September 19, 1917. Mr. Kelley will appreciate the support of all Republicans at the primaries.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Horance M. Musser for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of Tax Collector for Bellefonte borough, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held September 19th, 1917. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the support of all Republicans at the primaries.

Centre County's troopers—Troop L and the Mounted Gun Troop—are now in the South. Whether their destination be France or the Mexican border, here's wishing the boys good luck and Godspeed.

Government agents have raided a Philadelphia German newspaper office and arrested the editors and other officers on a charge of publishing seditious articles. That is the proper thing to do. Anybody in the United States who isn't for the United States should promptly move out of the United States.

Several weeks have passed since President Wilson fixed the price of anthracite coal at a figure higher than was even asked by the operators. The fact that the matter has not been adjusted speaks for itself. The pity of it is that countless thousands of the very poor have to suffer when the government might just as easily have accorded needed relief instead of unnecessary hardship. The rate for bituminous has been fixed at $2 at the mines, but coal is scarcer than ever. The big operators smile serenely, for the bulk of their output for the coming year has been contracted for and they argue that the contracts cannot be broken. The small operator cannot operate at the $2 rate and hence is shutting down. The people seemingly are bound hand and foot, and those who have it within their power seem not inclined to cut the bonds.

Bellefonte W. C. T. U. Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Bellefonte W. C. T. U. the following officers were elected for the year; President, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads; first Vice President, Mrs. James Potter; second Vice President, Mrs. Walter T. Carson; corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. I. Willard; Treasurer, Mrs. L. H. Gettig; Superintendent of L. T. L., Mrs. Harry Menold; T. L. B., Mrs. George Lentz.

The union the past year has been sewing for the local hospital, Needle Work Guild and the deserving poor of the town. They have made a comfort bag for each man in Troop L, and the Hospital Unit. A box of clothing was made for the French orphans under the care of Mrs. Owen Johnson. A contribution of money was sent for the purchase of an ambulance for service in France.

The thimble bees, so popular last year, will be resumed about October 1 to which all the members and their friends are cordially invited.

The regular meetings of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the parlor of the Y. M. C. A. the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month at 3 p. m. Their room has been gratiously given to the Red Cross Chapter for a work room.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Michael A. Kerin, Ruth J. Lego,	Port Matilda " "
Oscar M. Packer, Tamson N. Gardner,	Orviston Howard
Lawrence F. Womer, Mary B. Brouse,	State College Boalsburg
James W. Thorp, Leora I. Williams,	Bellefonte Lemont
William W. Waddle, Mary G. Sherlock,	Bellefonte "

"Wild Cat" Colonel Dead

With the death at Butler on Sunday of Colonel Oliver C. Redic, aged 79, there passed away the last commanding officer of the 105th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, known as the "Wild Cat Regiment" of the Civil war. The regiment was awarded the "General Kearney" medal for bravery in a charge at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864.

Advertise in "The Republican."

AIRPLANES SAVED FRANCE.

They Proved Their Great Value After the Belgian Invasion Began.

"Had it not been for the French air service," says Burton J. Hendrick in the World's Work, "France would have been destroyed in the first few weeks of the great world war.

"For years the French general staff had expected an attack through Belgium. The strategic railroads which the Germans were so painstakingly building up to the Belgian frontier could convey no other meaning. Yet the Frenchmen still believed that the main onslaught would come across the French frontier and had made their plans for their greatest resistance in this region. France entered the war with only about 100 army airplanes, but Germany, which had foreseen the part this new instrument was to play, had a much larger equipment.

"Yet a few days after the Belgian invasion began French aviators flying near the Belgian-German frontier saw a sight that immediately caused a change in the French operations. The Germans were crossing the frontier in enormous numbers, and the fact became apparent that in this section the main attack was to come. This news, flashed to General Joffre, caused that sudden alteration in his plans that made possible the successful battles of early September.

"Had it not been for this operation the French army would have concentrated for the Germans in force on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier, and the whole territory, from Belgium to Paris and Calais, would have been left open to the German onslaught—that is, the war would have ended according to the calculations which had been so carefully made in Germany."

HIS OPINION OF LINCOLN.

It Was Well Founded, He Had Every Reason to Believe.

I happened to be at Atlanta, Ga., over Lincoln's birthday, writes John Kendrick Bangs in "From Pillar to Post," and it pleased me beyond measure to find printed on the first page of one of the prominent newspapers of that beautiful city a three column cut of Abraham Lincoln, with a suitable tribute in verse.

After eating my breakfast on the morning of the 11th I dallied for awhile in the office of the massive Georgian Terrace hotel, smoking my cigar and glancing over the news in the paper. As I was about to toss the paper aside a fine old type of southern gentleman seated himself on the divan alongside me and in the usual courteous manner of the country gave me a morning salutation. I responded in kind and then, tapping my paper, observed:

"That is a fine picture of Lincoln."

"Yes, suh; a very fine picture, suh," he replied. "I never had the honor of seein' Mr. Lincoln, suh, but from all I hear, suh, he must have resembled that picture pretty close, suh."

"It is a delight to me to find it in one of your southern newspapers," said I, "especially in one so influential in the south as this."

"Yes, suh," he answered. "It shows that the south is not slow to recognize genius, suh, wherever it is found, suh. But," he added, "there is no occasion for surprise, suh. We have always appreciated Mr. Lincoln's greatness down here, and we have admired him, suh, although we have had reason to believe that durin' the late unpleasantness, suh, he was consid'rable of a no'thern sympathizer, suh."

"Freeze" at Airplanes' Approach.

All soldiers are now instructed what to do when a hostile scouting airplane is sighted by troops on the march.

On the warning "Airplane!" every man drops on his right knee, with his head bent well over the muzzle of his rifle, which is held in a sloping position in front of the body. To look up is fatal, for it creates a sea of white faces. All ranks then remain as motionless as they possibly can until the airplane has passed over them. In fact, they may be said to "freeze," as wild animals freeze when seeking to evade observation.—London Mirror.

When the Paint Wears Off.

There are sometimes places on the exterior of a house where the paint gets worn off and which cannot be retouched without making a "botch job" of it owing to the difficulty of mixing the new paint to match the adjoining color which has faded. To preserve the wood in such spots until the house can be repainted apply two coats of linseed oil with a rag. This will improve the appearance also.—Popular Science Monthly.

Lived In a Glass House.

"He's already gone through two fortunes."

"Well, I'm not going to criticise him. Judging from the judgment I've shown in investing what little money I've ever had, I'd have gone through two fortunes, too, if I had had them."—Detroit Free Press.

Dead Men's Bones.

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply—"the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

Gold and Germs.

Microbes are never found on gold coins, while paper money is an ideal home for them and every old banknote is a menace of disease. The belief is that gold acts as a bactericide.

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for.—B. B. Haydon.

STAY OF EXECUTION

Frank Borgio Now in the Death House Has Lease of Life Until Nov. 5th.

Friday Sheriff H. A. Boggs and county commissioner W. B. Wagner, of Indiana, Indiana County, brought to Bellefonte, Frank Borgio and he was taken to Rockview penitentiary and placed in the Death House. He was to go to the electric chair on the following Monday morning but in the meantime Governor Brumbaugh ordered a stay of execution untilNovember 5th. He is a comparatively young man and it is the second time he evaded the electric chair. Borgio and his wife Angeline were convicted last May of the joint murder of Sam Russo at Iselin, that county, Borgio receiving a death sentence and his wife was sent to the Western Penitentiary for a term of ten years.

Tuesday, January 9th, shortly after Borgio's conviction, the sheriff and his deputy brought him to Bellefonte and hustled him to the penitentiary. When they reached there they found that the matter had not been taken before Governor Brumbaugh and thus the death warrant was not signed or the date of his execution had not been fixed. Under the circumstances the authorities at the penitentiary could not accept the prisoner and he was taken back to jail at Indiana.

Major James Taylor, who had been spending several weeks in Bellefonte as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Annie Taylor, left Wednesday afternoon for Little Rock, Arkansas, where he has been placed on the staff of the major general. He will have charge of and inspect a division at that camp. He formerly ranked as captain but within the last thirty days he was advanced to major. He came here from the Philippines where he had been making a record for himself that finally won him his advancement.

FINDING A COMET.

One Case Where a Blunder Proved a Friend to Science.

Probably the most extraordinary discovery of a comet was that of the one known as "a 1896." It happened this way, as told in Science by W. W. Campbell of the Lick observatory: Professor Charles D. Perrine discovered a comet on Nov. 17, 1895, and observed it night after night till Dec. 20, 1895, when it was lost to sight in the glare of the sun's rays. Professor Perrine and Mr. Campbell calculated its orbit for 1896, and their computations were published in the astronomical journals.

Just before dawn on Jan. 30, 1896, Perrine and Campbell watched it emerge from behind the sun at the precise spot they had predicted. On Feb. 14 a cablegram in cipher announced that Lamp at Kiel, Germany, had rediscovered Perrine's comet that morning and gave its position. This differed by twenty-four minutes of time from the position in which Perrine knew his comet to be. This was not explained for several weeks, when it turned out that in translating the cipher cablegram a mistake had been made and that the cablegram as sent placed the comet just where Perrine had observed it.

Before this error had been discovered, however, and on the morning of Feb. 15 Perrine turned his telescope to the spot indicated in the cablegram and saw a comet. He naturally supposed that Lamp at Kiel had discovered this new comet and mistaken it for the Perrine comet, and not until the error in translating the cablegram was discovered did it become evident that this was not so and that the error had actually directed the telescope to a new comet.

And, stranger still, this new comet was moving so rapidly that had Perrine directed his telescope to the spot indicated at any other time but just that morning he would not have seen it and it might never have been discovered.

WHEN DEWEY WAS AT MANILA.

We Were Then Very Close to a Clash With Germany.

When Admiral Dewey's fleet was in Manila harbor in 1898, after taking the city, the only fleet which did not salute our flag was the fleet of the German government. It was heavier, gun for gun, than the American. Its attitude was so threatening that the English fleet under Admiral Chichester anchored between the two, ready to act. It was not the last time English and American fleets were to get together in defense of freedom.

In the judgment and on the authority of one of the few of those then on the ground and still living who held high positions no doubt existed in our fleet, our army or our civil administrators that the kaiser's fleet had instructions to use any opportunity for action. The German government extorted from us the Caroline islands, now in Japanese hands, a serious addition to our future perils of the Pacific.

When President McKinley came to a final decision on our retention of the Philippines he was powerfully influenced by a personal message from Lord Salisbury, not through the usual channels, that he hoped the United States would keep the archipelago, because if we did not this German government would take them and a general war would follow, since Japan and England would act. I say this on the authority of my lifelong friend and for thirty years my beloved chief on the Philadelphia Press, the late Charles Emory Smith, then postmaster general. —Talcott Williams in American Review of Reviews.

Death of Martin S. Reese.

The sad news of the death of conductor Martin Reese which reached Bellefonte Sunday evening was received with much regret by his many friends. He had been in his usual good health and the beginning of last week started on his annual vacation by going to Duncannon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kretzinger, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Reese. He was accompanied by his two daughters, Virginia and Marguerite. Sunday morning he got up and came down stairs and while playing with his youngest daughter he had an attack of edma of the lungs. A physician was quickly summoned but he passed away at 7 o'clock. The deceased was the son of Henry and Martha Reese and was born at Reese's settlement on the Allegheny mountains between Bellefonte and Snow Shoe. On January 17th, 1858, when only a small boy, in his teens, he commenced as a track hand on the Snow Shoe railroad. Being faithful to his duties he was promoted to baggage master in 1887. Here he was found faithful to the trust and being in line of promotion he was made extra conductor in 1894, and in 1891 he became conductor and held that position up until his death.

The deceased was a man of strictest integrity and was possessed of the kindliness and tolerance of all broad minds. He shed a gleam of sunshine into the lives of all with whom he came in contact and that was thousands during the year. He will therefore be sorely missed in his home, on the street and especially on the passenger train where for years his endeavors to please were always highly appreciated by the traveling public. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and was one of the main supporters of the church in his home town. He also belonged to the Bellefonte Order of Elks and the Veteran Employes Association of the Middle division.

He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Edith Holter of Howard, who died about twenty years ago. To this union were born a son and daughter both of whom preceded the father to the grave. About twelve years ago he was married to Mrs. James Haynes who survives with three children; Katherine, Virginia and Marguerite. He also leaves three step-children; George, Everesley and Elsie Haynes. His surviving brothers and sisters are Joseph and Charles Reese who reside at Reese's settlement; Mrs. Lawrence Crider, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. J. W. Tate of Altoona. At one time he was a resident of Bellefonte. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from his residence at Snow Shoe. Interment was made in Shenck's cemetery at Howard.

James Lucas Dead.

James Lucas, of Runville, died Monday evening at 6.45 o'clock in the Bellefonte hospital. He had been a sufferer from diabetes which is one of the diseases medical science has not mastered. He was the son of Benjamin and Ellen Lucas and was born in Boggs township November 30th, 1850. He was married to Ellen Rhue on January 31st, 1878, by Rev. Zeigler, deceased. He followed lumbering and was a very fine man who is mourned by his many friends in the locality where he was born and raised. He is survived by his wife and the following children; Mrs. Tazy Swartz, Pleasant Gap; Mrs. Ella Houseman, Akron, Ohio, and Claud Lucas, Snow Shoe. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters; William B. Lucas, Runville; Alexander Lucas, Bellefonte; Mrs. William Kerns, Kansas City, Kansas; Mrs. Angeline Lanning, of Johnstown, and Mrs. Hannah Estrich, Milesburg. The funeral took place this Thursday morning at 10 o'clock from the Advent church. The officiating ministers were Revs. Orlidge and Shuey.

Mrs. Catherine Dale Dead.

Mrs Catherine Dale, widow of the late John Dale, passed away Saturday morning about 8 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Grant Coble, at Houserville. She had gone there on Decoration day and became ill and gradually grew worse until the end. Her death was the result of diseases incident to her advanced age. She was the daughter of Martin and Catherine Rumberger Houser and was born at Houserville May 6th, 1837. She belonged to one of the oldest and highly reputable families of Centre county and she was well known throughout the community for her great kindness of heart and readiness to minister to the sick and the unfortunate. In her declining days she had the consciousness of knowing that her work on earth had been well done. When fourteen years of age she united with the United Brethren church and was one of its steadfast members. She is survived by the following children: Martin Dale, of Akron, Ohio; Samuel Dale, of DuBois; J. W. Dale, Houserville; Anna M. Dale, Holidaysburg; Mrs. Sarah Behers, Bellefonte; S. F. Dale, Williamsport; Mrs. Alice Emenhizer, Bellefonte; Mrs. Grant Coble, Houserville; and Mrs. Carrie White, Benner township. She is survived by one brother, S. R. Houser, of Sandusky, Ohio. The funeral took place Tuesday morning, the officiating ministers being Revs. Lilly, Shuey and Hummel.

Mrs. John Potter Dead.

Mrs. Mary Potter, wife of John Potter, passed away Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock at her home on the Kuhn farm, near Linden Hall. She had been suffering from a complication of diseases and on Tuesday night, prior to her death she was operated upon as a last resort to save her from the untimely death. She was but 20 years of age and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lingle who reside on the Brockerhoff farm, near Centre Hall. She was a good young woman and had many friends. Deceased is survived by her husband and a daughter, Elizabeth, who is five of age. She is also mourned by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. George Glenn, Bellefonte; Mrs. Clyde Smith, Boalsburg; Blanch, Margaret and Elmer at home, and Calvin who resides in the west. The funeral took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock; interment was made at Zion.

Henry Norris Dead.

Henry Norris, a blacksmith, who resided near Filmore for fifty years, passed away last Friday from hardening of the arteries. He was born at Pennsylvania Furnace on August 13th, 1834, and was the son of William P. and Mary Wilson Norris. He was married to Miss Mary Johnstonbaugh who preceded him to the grave three years ago. His surviving children are Charles R. Norris, Filmore, and Mrs. Mabel Rimmey, Olean, N. Y. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Joseph and Daniel Norris, Juniata; Mrs. Harriet Pennington, State College; Mrs. James Brotherton, Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Alice Ray, Juniata.

Veterans Picnic.

While the war with Germany is going on don't let's forget the old soldier who fought our battles so bravely from 1860 to 1865 and attend the Centre County Veterans reunion and picnic which will be held at Pine Grove Mills Saturday, September 22nd. It will be on the basket picnic order and the old soldier wearing the badge will be given his dinner free of charge. Everybody should honor the old comrade by an encouraging turnout. Roll call at 10.30 a. m. There will be a band and various amusements.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

THOMAS STEWART DEAD

Adjutant General of State Expires at His Post.

Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart died at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning after an illness extending over only ten hours. The veteran of many wars died practically at his post at Harrisburg. He has long held the position of soldier preeminent in Pennsylvania whose adjutant general he has been throughout several administrations past.

General Stewart served with distinction in the Civil war and has been commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic of the United States. He directed the mobilization of the National Guard of Pennsylvania for the Spanish-American war in 1898, and he has had charge of the larger mobilization of the state troops this year.

The deceased was a frequent visitor in Bellefonte during the life of ex-Gov. Andrew Gregg Curtin and when the Soldiers' Monument was dedicated he was one of the principal speakers.

Advertise in "The Republican"

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	38
Eggs	35

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.80
Oats	60
Rye	1.50

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

September 21, and October 5

Round $9.00 Trip.

From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Scene in "Wizard of Wiseland"

The Season's Musical Comedy Hit

40 PEOPLE---PRICES $1.00--75c--50c--35c--25c.

GARMAN THEATRE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gingher and Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, of Burnham, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Yeager.

Miss Ruth Fulton, of Osceola Mills, spent Friday with her sister, Miss Hazel Fulton.

Mrs. William Yeager ssent Friday in Howard with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, of Altoona, made a business trip to our town on Saturday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamih Aikey tendered a reception to their son, Clark, and his bride on Monday night. Mrs. Aikey was formerly Miss Bernice Dukeman, of Curtin. There were fifty present. Refreshments were served and the guests left for home wishing Mr. and Mrs. Aikey a happy and prosperous life. They will go to housekeeping in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Hall, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with John Hall and family.

Miss Ruth McKinley, after visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, returned home at Sparrows Point, near Baltimore, on Tuesday.

Miss Sara Rager, of Buffalo, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Nelson McKinley.

Those of the Troop L who left for Camp Hancock from this place were Austin Robson, Russell Smith, Claude McCullough and Roy Jones. The town joins in wishing them good luck and a safe return.

Miss Rose Haupt left Monday for her vacation. She will visit in Altoona and Johnstown.

Mrs. Alice Meyers and daughter spent Sunday with Miss Anna Wetzler on the hill.

Mr and Mrs. Latimer Dice spent the week end at their home on Water street. Mr. Dice is teaching in Williamsport.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt and daughter, Madeline, returned home on Saturday after visiting at McVeytown and Lewistown.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baird, of Lewistown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Fred Yorks badly sprained his right arm on Friday in falling near W. B. Miles & Son's store.

Misses Ida Gingher and Esther Glenn, of Curtin, visited Sunday with Florence Glenn.

Mrs. Frances Watson and daughter, Mrs. Anna Scott, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Hugg.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith spent Sunday at State College.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Fulton and family spent Sunday at the Grangers Picnic at Centre Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Shope and daughter Evelyn Louise, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shope at Blue Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shroyer and son, Dick, of Lewistown, Snudayed with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shope spent Sunday with friends at State College.

Mr. John Wetzler and children, of State College, visited relatives in town on Sunday. Mr. Wetzler and F. L. Wetzler motored to Lock Haven Sunday afternoon and visited their cousin Hayes Pletcher, who is in the hospital at that place.

Miss Grace Schenck spent Sunday at her home in Howard.

Mrs. Clara Adams, of State College, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Miles.

Mrs. Mary Morris and daughter Anna, and son, John, of Philipsburg, visited Sunday with friends. It is eight years since Mrs. Morris left Milesburg and she was a welcome visitor.

Born on Friday September 7th a daughter, Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cartwright.

Rev. Paulson spent Saturday and Sunday with his family in Altoona returning Sunday to resume his evangelistic work going on in the M. E. church.

Boalsburg.

Miss Helen Coxey, of Tyrone, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Nannie Coxey.

Miss Elizabeth Gettig, of Braddock, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Ishler.

Fred Ishler, of Iselin, Indiana County, spent several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Ishler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher and son returned to their home in Danville last Thursday after spending the summer months here.

Mrs. Sophie Hall, of Wilmington, Delaware, is visiting her sister, Miss Sarah Keller.

Mrs. James Jacobs, of Wilmington, Delaware, spent several days with Mrs. E. E. Brown recently.

Mrs. S. E. Weber and sister, Annie, spent Wednesday of last week at the J. H. Weber home in Centre Hall.

Miss Louella Ross is visiting relatives in Altoona.

The Boalsburg schools opened on Monday with Miss Margaretta Goheen, teacher of the High School; Miss Ruth Smith, of Centre Hall, teacher of the Eighth Grade; Miss Rosalie McCormick, of Hublersburg, teacher in the Grammar room and Miss Margaret Bingaman, of Boalsburg, teacher in the Primary room.

Misses Nell and Anna Holter, of Howard, are spending some time at the C. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Mrs. M. A. B. Boal, Mrs. William Goheen and Misses Cathryn and Anna Dale attended a meeting of the W. C. T. U. at Unionville last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher and son Joseph, and Miss Josephine Keifer, of Sunbury, and Mrs. Mallic, of Lewistown, are visiting at the Mrs. E. A. Fisher home.

Rev. and Mrs. Elmer Ritzman, of Muncy Valley, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller from Friday until Saturday.

Miss Annie Lohr is visiting relatives at Centre Hall.

Port Matilda.

Harry A. Smith, of Chicago, is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Vera Stoner and Mrs. S. D. Miller, of Altoona, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Price.

G. R. Young and family visited relatives at Tyrone last week.

Stewart Jones and wife, of Philipsburg, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Jones.

Clifford Cowher and wife, of Somerset, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher.

Rev. Gordon A. Williams and family, of Osceola, spent Saturday in town.

Harold C. Bennett and wife, Mrs. Seifert and daughter Marion, of Youngstown, Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. William Bennett last week.

M. G. Mains made a business trip to Madera last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Shope, of Altoona, spent Monday and Tuesday with Mr. C. A. Williams.

Marion Bennett spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Williams at Unionville.

Mrs. Annie Marks and son are visiting Mrs. A. J. Johnson.

Dr. Walter Harshberger and family are visiting Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Harshberger.

Rev. Walter H. Williams and frmily, of Spring Mills, spent Saturday in town.

Rev. Gideon Sarvis, of Bellwood, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

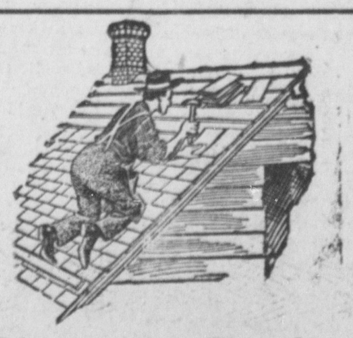
Dr. S. B. Evans, of Tyrone, preached in the M. E. Church Sunday evening.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand
Western Red Cedar Shingles
stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Pine Grove Mills.

Jack Frost laid his icy hand on vegetation Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fry are among the Methodists at Ocean Grove.

Mrs. Sadie Everts had a hurry call last Thursday to Pitcairn to extend her blessings to a dear little grandson at the Ed. Marts home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Frank, of Pitcairn, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. A. G. Archey, on Main Street.

Guy Elder and wife are down from Altoona spending their annual outing among friends at Baileyville. Mr. Elder is one of the postoffice force.

Randolph Thompson is wearing a smile over the arrival of a son, their first born. Grandmother Hoover took the first train to add her blessings to the little one.

Waldo Gray, wife and little Julia are on a cross-country tour, visiting friends and relatives through the country.

Fred B. Tate was last week chosen to teach the Yarnell school.

Prof. A. C. Weaver left Monday for Sandy Ridge to teach the High school at that place.

Aaron Tressler is having a new iron fence enclose his front yard—a Ward pattern.

Mrs. Robert Reed, who has quite ill the past two weeks, is now better.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lutts, of Kansas, are visiting the scenes of childhood and noting changes that have occurred during their absence of twenty years. Many old friends have gone the way of all mankind and others have moved to new places.

Bud and Harry Glenn have invested in a new Oldsmobile. It is a dandy and secured from the Kidder—Houtz agency.

Will Cummings, the well khown drover, is shy his barn and crops and also a large lot of wool he purchased during shearing season. Spontaneous combustion caused the fire. This is the second barn to burn with no insurance.

Our young friend Ralph Gregory was taken to Roarining Springs hospital last week to undergo an operation for appendicitis and is reported to be in a critical condition.

The following are candidates and have no opposition on the Republican ticket for the primaries next Wednesday: For tax collector, J. Ed. Elder: for assessor, E. C. Musser; for registration assessor, George Porter; for judge of election, J. W. Sunday; for inspector, D. G. Reed; for school director, D. S. Peterson; for road supervisor, E. T. Parsons.

The good people of Marengo will unfurl Old Glory to the breeze Saturday evening, next, at 6.30 o,clock, under the auspices of the Malta brethren. Able speakers will address the assemblage and the Pine Grove Mills band will furnish music. All are invited.

Ralph Walker is steering a new Chevrolet car. W. A. Lytle has purchased a 5—passenger Buick and so far has managed is quite successfully.

Woodward.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise entertained Sunday her brothers, Robert Miller and wife from Montgomery, Fred Miller and wife, from Mifflinburg, also her niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Schaffer and son, from Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Showalter, from Glen Iron, spent the Sabbath at the home of Mrs. Mary Motz.

Mrs. Breon and children, from Aaronsburg, were guests at the home of her father, William Glantz, on Sunday.

Herbert Hosterman, from Buffalo, N. Y., spent a day last week with his mother, Mrs. Celinda Hosterman.

Mrs. Jackson Sheesley is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. William Miller, at Loganton.

William Winterod left for Howard one day last week where he will make his future home with B. Noll.

L. L. Weaver and family are camping at Grange Park. While away Mrs. Weaver's sister, Miss Lizzie Kerstetter, from Coburn, has charge of the house.

Harvest Home services will be held in the Evangelical Association church Sunday evening.

I. N. Orndorf, wife and son, Orvis, also D. J. Benner and wife and Lewis Orndorf and wife attended Granger's picnic Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ard left for Paulsboro, N. J., Saturday morning where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Robert Smallwood. She will be met there by her son, Lieut. George P. Ard, who is in training at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Wins a Scholarship.

J. Irvin Gregg, Jr., of Lewistown, was notified last Thursday that he had been awarded a scholarship at State College as a recognition of the high record made by him in a recent examination. The young man was instructed to report at the big Centre County institution of learning at the beginning of the fall term where free tuition will be provided for him.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, a splendid remedy for emergencies.

A Ford vs a Franklin.

Thursday afternoon Dr. J. L. Seibert, of Bellefonte, was about to turn from High street onto south Watter street with his Franklin runabout when Isaac Underwood came from the direction of the Bush House and side-swiped the doctor's car, striking it near the rear wheel and damaging the fender. It is thought the little red Ford would run right along and have the laugh on the Franklin but when examined it was found that the front axle was so badly bent that it couldn't ramble right along and had to be taken to the garage for repairs. Mr. Underwood wondered why it wouldn't track and the reason was that just at that time it wasn't built that way. The accident was unavoidable as Mr. Underwood claimed his breaks would notwork. The little flurry caused considerable excitement for a few minutes. Nobody was injured and the next day Mr. Underwood was on the street again with the machine running as good as usual.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte Pa., on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, piece, parcel and tract of land situate in Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a Beech on the Western side of the Public Road leading from Gardner Station to Bald Eagle, a corner of land of William Ingerman; thence by the line of William Ingerman South sixty-eight and three-fourths (68¾) degrees West thirty-two (32) perches to a Birch at a bank of Emigh's Run; thence across said Emigh's Run and by the line of George Gill North forty-four (44) degrees West fifteen (15) perches to a hemlock, North forty-seven and one-half (47½) degrees West thirty-one (31) perches to a post, North seventy-five (75) degrees West (18) perches to a pine, North fifty-three and one-half (53½) degrees West thirty-nine (39) perches to a post; North eighty-five and one-half (85½) degrees West forty-five (45) perches to a post, corner of land of T. A. Bryan; thence across Emigh's Run and by the line of T. A. Bryan North eighteen and one-half (18½) degrees East eleven (11) perches to a post; North ten (10) degrees East ten and five tenth (10.5) perches to a hemlock, North seventy-seven and three-fourths (77¾) degrees East and crossing a branch of Emigh's Run forty-four (44) perches to a hemlock (fallen.) South sixty-nine (69) degrees East fourteen(14) perches to a post, South sixty (60) degrees East fifty (50) perches to a post, North thirty-three and one-half (33½) degrees East twenty-one (21) perches to hemlock pointers at said public road leading from Gardner Station to Bald Eagle, thence North fifty-one (51) degrees West forty and two-tenth (40.2) perches to sugar, thence North forty-four (44) degrees West fifteen (15) perches to a post, thence by lands of Mrs. L.R. Crum and Mrs C. Reese South fifty-two and three-fourths (52¾) degrees East fifty-one (51) perches to a post; North sixty-nine and one-half (69½) degrees East eighty (80) perches to a post, South thirty-two and half (32½) degrees East thirty-eight and four-tenth (38.4) perches to a post on the line of David Reese; thence by land of David Reese South sixty-four and one fourth (64¼) degrees West thirty and eight-tenth (30.8) perches to a post, thence by an Improvement South 73 degrees West forty-three (43) perches to a Beech on line of William Ingerman, and thence crossing the aforesaid Public Road from Gardner Station to Bald Eagle North Seventy-four (74) degrees West ten (10) perches to the Beech at the Western side of said Road, the place of beginning. Containing forty-four (44) acres and nineteen (19) perches of land, net measure, and having thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, frame barn and other necessary outbuildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of William M. and Henry C. Woomer.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
Sept. 1, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the Township of Benner, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—

Beginning at a stone pile, corner of lands of A. I. Garbrick and the heirs of William A. Thomas, thence South twenty-six and one-fourth degrees East one hundred and forty and seven-tenths perches to a post; thence at right angles North sixty-two and three-fourth degrees East sixty-four perches to a post on stone corner of lands sold to John M. Woodcock; thence at right angles North twenty-six and one-fourth degrees West one hundrd and forty and seven-tenth perches to line of William A. Thomas heirs and corner of lands of John M. Woodcock; thence at right angles, South sixty-two and three-fourth degrees West sixty-three and seven-tenth perches to the place of beginning: Containing fifty-six acres, more or less, and being part of a larger tract of land known as the Thomas Purlue farm, and being the same tract of land which was conveyed by William L. Woodcock to D. W. Burket, by deed dated November 2, 1893, and recorded in Deed Book No. 69, page 145.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of D. W. Burket

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
Sept. 1, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1917

at 1.30 P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situated in Boggs township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of T. R. Bathurst and Curtin estate on the public road leading from Curtin works to Nittany valley, thence easterly along line of T. R. Bathurst 416½ feet to a post; thence at right angles to same along line of Curtin estate 416½ feet to post; thence at right angles along the line of Curtin estate 416½ feet to post in public road aforesaid, thence along said public road 416½ feet to the place of beginning. Containing four acres more or less, being the same lot of ground which Catherine Ann Ball by deed dated May 21st, 1912, granted and conveyed to Cadence Crossmyre, party of the first part hereto.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of Cadence Crossmyre and John H. Crossmyre.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
Aug. 24th, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Cronoble, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pa.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate have been issued to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to the same will make prompt payment and those having claims will present them without delay.

MRS. JOSEPHINE CRONOBLE,
Pleasant Gap.

GEORGE H. YARNELL,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Executors.

Schools Have Opened

LARKSPUR LOTION

will settle the bug question

Price 25 cents

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation Nisi, on Wednesday, the 26th day of Sept., 1917.

1. COLE—The first and final account of Mary Newell Cole, admrx., of &c., of Robert Cole, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.
2. HUGHES—The first and final account of the Farmers Trust Company, of Carlisle, Pa., Executor of the last will and testament of Bruce Hughes late of Philipsburg Boro, dec'd.
3. HANCOCK—The account of Jeremiah Funk, guardian of Katherine Hancock, a minor.
4. IRWIN—The final account of John C. Hoffer, Guardian of William E. R. Irwin, late minor child of, Miniam Irwin, late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.
5. KIOSKE—The first and final account of Stella Zimmerman, and David Chambers, executors of &c., of William Kioske, late of Snow Shoe Twp., dec'd.
6. KEPLER—The first and final account of N. B. Spanger, Exr., of the last will and testament of Jacob M. Kepler, late of Ferguson Twp., dec'd.
7. MOYER—The first and final account of W. J. Carlin, Exr., of &c., of Miss Eva Moyer, late of Miles Twp., dec'd.
8. MILLER—The first and final account of Isaac P. Miller admr., of &c., of Eliza T. Miller, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.
9. RESIDES—The first and final account of W. M. Poorman and Nettie Poorman, Executors of &c., of Matilda Resides, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.
10. RIMERT—The first and final account of Maude Earle, admrx., of &c., of Jane Rimert, late of Howard Boro. dec'd.
11. SMITH—The first and final account of Robert M. Smith executor of &c., of Eliza Smith, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.
12. SLINGER—The first and final account of E. M. Griest, admr., of Nicholas Slinger late of Philipsburg Boro, dec'd.
13. VONADA—The first and final account of W. D. Zerby, admr., of &c., of Harriet J. Vonada, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.
14. WAY—The first and final acount of F. W. Smith, admr., of & etc., of Caleb Way, late of Unionville Boro, dec'd.
15. WITMER—The first and final account of James C. Witmer, admr., of &c., of Dora M. Witmer, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.
16. HOOVER—The first and final account of Thomas Hoover, admr., C. T. A., of Catherine Hoover, late of Snow Shoe, Twp., dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 24th 1917.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 18th day of August, 1917, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER

being the 24th day of September, 1917, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 2th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1917, and the one hundred and forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa
August 18th. 1917.

An Ordinance

Relative to a vacation of a portion of Olive Street, in the Borouge of Snow Shoe.

Section 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that a portion of Olive Street in the said Borough, is hereby vacated, namely, all that portion thereof, fifteen feet in width, extending along the Southwesterly side thereof, beginning at the Northwestern corner of the intersection of said Street with Fourth Street, and running in a Northwesterly direction to the Borough line; thus leaving the remainder of said Street sixty-five feet in width, between Fourth Street and the Northwestern line of said Borough; it being understood that no building of any nature shall hereafter be erected on that portion of the Street hereby vacated.

Ordained and enacted at a regular meeting of the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1917.

THE BOROUGH OF SNOW SHOE

J. HARRIS HOY, Sec. of Town Council — D. R. THOMAS, Pres. of Town Council

And now July, 5th, 1917, I hereby approve the foregoing ordinance.

W. C. SNYDER,
Burgess.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday the first day of October, 1917, by O. J. Harm, H. J. Thompson, C. E. Harm and H. J. O'Brien under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "ALDER RUN COAL COMPANY," the character and object of which is the mining, preparing shipping, buying and selling coal with rights incidental thereto and for these purposes to have and possess all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

J. KENNEDY JOHNSTON,
Solicitor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County In the Re-Estate of Paul Tote (otherwise Paul Toth,) late of Snow Shoe Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

ROBERT C. HOERLE,
First National Bank Bldg., Johnstown, Pa. — Administrator.

Notice of Primary Election

In accordance with an Act of Assembly known as the Uniform Primaries Act approved July 12, 1913, and supplements thereto, notice is hereby given that a Primary Election will be held on

WEDNESDAY, THE 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1917

at which time the polls will be open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held November 6th, 1917:—

COUNTY OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following County Offices:

Two Jury Commissioners

TOWNSHIP, PRECINCT, BOROUGH AND WARD OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following offices:

Judge of Elections
Inspectors of Elections
Assessor
Registry Assessor
Councilmen
Burgess
Tax Collector
Auditors
Township Supervisors
Justices of the Peace
School Directors

Notice is also hereby given that petitions to have the names of candidates printed upon the ballots of the Township Precinct, Borough and Ward offices for which nominations are to be made, as well as for party offices to be elected therein, must be filed in the office of the County Commissioners at Bellefonte, Pa., on or before August 22, 1917.

DANIEL A. GROVE,
Attest: WM. H. NOLL, Jr.,
HARRY N. MEYER, Clerk. — ISAAC MILLER, County Commissioners

Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1917.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Valuable brooch, gold mounting, circle of rubies; about one inch in diameter. May have been lost in train enroute from Tyrone to Bellefonte, or in Bellefonte. Liberal reward. Inquire at The Republican office.

REWARD.—A reward of $25 will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who recently stole an L. C. Smith typewriter from the new High School building. Secretary of Bellefonte School Board.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

A ROMAN SCARFPIN

It Started a Romance

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

My grandfather was a sporty old gentleman and at sixty-three was as marked in his attentions to the ladies as a young man of twenty-five. And there was something about him that drew the fair sex to him. I have seen a girl of twenty gladly leave a young man of twenty-five to chat with the old gentleman, very much to the younger one's dissatisfaction. I liked to hear him tell his escapades, and one day he related the following story:

When I was a young man a railroad train was a very different conveyance from what it is now. There were no sleeping or parlor cars, the coupling was the old method—by means of a pin and link, permitting the cars to swing from side to side—and, as for lights, there were nothing but lanterns. When a train passed through a tunnel these lanterns were left unlighted and the passengers in darkness.

I was traveling one day on one of these loosely bound together trains—I think I was nineteen years old at the time—when I had an adventure which influenced my whole life. On the opposite side of the car, several seats before me, sat a very pretty girl. She had a mouth that can only be described as kissable. I would have defied any one who saw it to refrain from wanting to kiss those vermilion lips.

At any rate, as soon as I saw them I was seized with a desire to kiss them, and the oftener I looked at them the stronger became the inclination. We had traveled in the same coach for several hours when suddenly the train shot into a tunnel.

The moment we were left in darkness an idea popped into my head. It was to go across the aisle and kiss those lips. I knew the tunnel and that a train required several minutes to pass through it. I would have what time I needed. The girl would not know who had kissed her. She might suspect me, but she would not be certain that I was the aggressor, and I had confidence in my ability to look innocent.

I arose from my seat, counted three seats forward by putting my hand on their backs and sought the girl by feeling for her. My hand touched her sleeve. I bent forward, brushed my face against hers till my lips met hers and took what, under the circumstances, might be called a reasonably long kiss.

I expected a shriek, but beyond a not overloud expression of surprise, which was drowned by the rattle of the train, there was no comment on my audacity. As soon as I had gratified my desire—every one knows how sweet is a stolen kiss—I retreated to my seat, and when the train left the tunnel my head was resting on the back of my seat, and I was a picture of innocent slumber.

After a few minutes I opened my eyes, yawned, looked out of the window and then about me. The girl was quietly reading a novel she had been perusing when the train entered the tunnel. I was pleased that she did not appear flustered. Her lips looked more kissable than ever, and I wished the whole journey were in a tunnel and I could repeat what I had done ad infinitum.

A young man is particular as to the set of his neckwear, and I passed my hand over my scarf to make sure that I had not disarranged it while stealing the kiss.

My scarfpin was missing.

Here was something on which I had not counted. The pin was a gift and a valuable one, a mosaic my mother had brought from the Eternal City. I knew that I had lost it while taking the kiss and had probably dropped it on the seat occupied by the girl or on the floor at her feet. But to look for it there would be a dead giveaway. What should I do? Brazen it out by making a search for the pin where I had lost it? I dared not.

In those days at the end of the car were a water cooler and a tin cup. I arose from my seat, walked slowly forward to the cooler, took a drink of water, turned and went back to my seat. As I passed the girl I glanced on the vacant part of the seat on which she sat and on the floor beside her, hoping to see my pin. It was not in sight. On my return trip I cast a momentary glance at the girl. She was reading her novel and did not look up. There was a suspicion of an amused look about those kissable lips.

Of course my examination of the seat and the floor was by no means thorough. I hoped the girl would leave the train before it reached my stopping place. This would give me an opportunity to make a satisfactory search for my pin. But we passed station after station without her making a move. Then came my stopping place. Should I give up my pin or go on till the girl left the train? I concluded to go on.

When the conductor came through the train after it left my stopping place and saw me still sitting there he stood stock still. This in itself was embarrassing. I bought a ticket to a point about twenty miles ahead. The girl, for some unexplained reason, turned and looked my way. There was the same suspicious look in her eye. The latter might have meant amusement, triumph or tantalization.

We rode on together for another ten miles, when the girl began to gather her belongings. Thank heaven, she was preparing to alight! True enough, when the next station, Talbotsville, was announced by the brakeman the young lady arose from her seat and moved to the door. She had scarcely reached it before I changed my seat for the one she had left and begun my search.

I looked on the seat. I looked on the floor. I lit a match to see better while hunting beneath. No pin was to be seen. I examined the aisle between the seat I had occupied and that on which the girl had sat. I was doomed to disappointment.

I now suspected that she had my pin.

I left the train at the next station, took a cab and rode back to Talbotsville. There I visited the two newspaper offices of the place and left an advertisement at each stating that a mosaic scarfpin had been lost on a certain train and the finder would be properly rewarded for its return; no questions asked. Then I went to my home, having left instructions at the offices of the papers to send me any replies that might come for me.

A couple of days later I received a letter signed Julia Waterman stating that she had found a mosaic scarfpin on the train mentioned. As to "no questions asked," the finder of the pin would ask the questions. She would return the pin without reward after the loser had explained how he came to lose it.

My suspicion of an amused smile was now explained. The girl had had my pin all the while I was looking for it. It was evident that I must confess. I wrote Miss Waterman that no girl with such kissable lips should be permitted to travel on any train that passed through a tunnel, for they offered an irresistible temptation. I was quite willing to give my pin, though it was a gift from my dear mother, for the kiss I had taken. It grew sweeter each day in my memory. If she would accept the one in lieu of the other I would consider the account closed.

The next day I recovered my scarfpin by express and a note saying that the writer had no kisses to dispose of in exchange for anything. She reserved the right to give her kisses to whomsoever she might choose. Not another word did she write. There was no demand for an apology or for a confession from me that I had committed a wrong. What I didn't like about it was that it closed the incident.

Now, I did not propose that it should be closed. I wished to form the young lady's acquaintance with a view to getting another kiss. One more? No; a dozen. A dozen? No; a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand. But how reopen the matter? I must invent some plan. Almost any plan would do, provided the young lady would be pleased to make my acquaintance. No plan would suffice if she desired that the matter be dropped. In other words, I might be the gainer by pushing on, and if I did not push on I would certainly be a loser.

I wrote her that I would be glad to expiate my robbery by giving her my scarfpin, but since she would not accept it in exchange for what I had taken, I would be only too glad to donate it or its value to any charity she might designate. This would not be disposing of the kiss for her own benefit, but for the relief of the needy. With this note I sent the scarfpin. The offer without the pin would have been useless. By sending the pin I forced her to take another step.

When a woman gives way to a persistent admirer, she is apt to do so all of a sudden. Miss Waterman replied to my note in a very different vein than before. She wrote me that I had behaved very well in atoning for my fault. As to what should be done with the pin, perhaps we had better talk the matter over. She would be pleased to have me call upon her for the purpose on a certain evening.

Napoleon at the battle of Wagram, when he saw a certain maneuver of the enemy, closed his fieldglass, considering the battle won. I folded Miss Waterman's note, considering that an acquaintance was effected. No more skirmishing was needed. On the evening designated I went over to the place of her residence on a train and at 8 o'clock in the evening appeared at her home.

Miss Waterman must have regretted her giving way or considered that an acquaintance formed in such manner was beneath her dignity. At any rate, she held me at some distance. This did not trouble me at all. There was plenty of time for it to wear off, and I made no mistake by proceeding too rapidly. She did not remain long on her dignity. She was full of love for adventure, and I had won her good will by my daring. We were soon laughing at the position I had been placed in, and she appeared to enjoy it immensely.

During the kiss in the dark her hand had come in contact with my scarfpin, and she had snatched it out of its place. She had noticed me, as I had noticed her—in fact, as boys and girls notice one another—and had especially admired my Roman scarfpin. When I passed her in the aisle on pretense of getting a glass of water, but really to look for the lost pin, she was brimming over with mischief.

That was half a century ago. That scarfpin never came back to me, but your grandmother gave herself to me in exchange for it. It has descended to your sister, who is the image of Julia Waterman when I stole that kiss in the dark.

But in the days of Pullman cars there are no such episodes as there were in unlighted railway trains and stagecoaches. Even the canalboat in those days furnished its quantum of romances.

CRUSHING A LANGUAGE.

Under the Russian Empire No One Dared to Speak Ukrainian.

Ukranian differs from Great Russian fully as much as Dutch does from German. In fact, the highest learned body in the Russian empire, the Petrograd Imperial academy, admitted a few years ago that the Ukranians possessed a distinct language and culture of their own. That, however, was not the Russian government's view of the matter.

"There never has been, is not and never will be a Ukranian language or nationality," declared a Russian minister of state in 1863, and this was merely the formal expression of what generations of Russian bureaucrats had already considered as axiomatic. All official business was carried on in Russian, a language almost completely unintelligible to Ukrainians. All Ukrainian writings, save certain old books of devotion, were rigidly proscribed, and Ukranian education was so strictly prohibited that in many parts of the Russian Ukraine even today there are fewer schools than there were two centuries ago.

The only way for a talented Ukrainian to spring his ideas was in Russian, and many of the greatest names in Russian literature, such as Gogol, Kostomaroff, etc., were really Ukrainians forced to employ this alien tongue. What happened to those who dared clothe their thoughts in the native idiom may be judged by the terrible fate of the greatest of all Ukrainian poets, Taras Shevchenko. For the "abominable crime" of having composed some exquisite little verses celebrating the natural beauties of his Ukrainian homeland this youthful genius was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in Siberia and returned from his hell of suffering a broken, prematurely old man, only to die.—T. Lothrop Stoddard in Century.

TO PURIFY WATER.

Two Safe Ways by Which Typhoid Germs May Be Destroyed.

One cannot judge the purity of water by its looks. Things visible to the naked eye are usually harmless. The invisible germs of disease are by far the more injurious to human beings.

Most people feel that drinking water is safe to use if it is cool, clear, sparkling and free from color or odor. Such is not the case. Even the sparkle may be due to decomposition products. The babbling brook usually contains more dangerous bacteria than standing water. Streams do not purify themselves by flowing over their rocky beds. The mistaken notion that they do is responsible for a great deal of vacation typhoid fever.

The safest method of destroying disease germs in water is by actual boiling. Boiling the water for five minutes will kill the germs of typhoid and allied diseases. Chlorine may also be used to disinfect the water.

A stock solution is made by taking a level teaspoonful of full strength chloride of lime and rubbing it up to a thin paste free from lumps in a teacup with a little water. This should then be made up to a cupful and diluted with three more cupfuls of water and then poured into a bottle and tightly corked. Add a teaspoonful of this stock solution to each two gallon pail of drinking water, thoroughly mixing it and allowing it to stand for ten minutes. This will give about one-half part of free chlorine to a million parts of water, which will destroy all typhoid or dysentery producing germs.—Exchange.

Where Miners Lose Their Nerve.

Men accustomed to working in mines cannot stand great heights. It is almost an invariable rule that a miner will get dizzy and uneasy if you take him to a high place, such as a monument or the top of a house, and will try to get back to earth as soon as possible. And yet he can stand underground on the edge of a 500 foot shaft, look down into the black abyss and never feel a tremor. He can climb up the face of a shaft, knowing that there is a straight drop of a thousand feet under him, and feel perfectly at home.—Exchange.

Flies and Infantile Paralysis.

Experiments in infecting mosquitoes, houseflies and bluebottle flies with the virus of infantile paralysis, conducted by Drs. Hideyo Noguchi and Rotusaburo Kudo in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute For Medical Research and reported by them to the Journal of Experimental Medicine, result in proof that these insects are incapable of infecting monkeys with this disease.

Force and Perseverance.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.—Mme. Swetchine.

No Judge.

"Is your daughter getting on well with her music?"

"I dunno," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Every time Gladys starts a tune that sounds pretty good to me her mother says she is displaying shocking taste."—Washington Star.

Man, Woman and Mouse.

A mouse is afraid of a man, a man is afraid of a woman, and a woman is afraid of a mouse—sometimes.—New York Globe.

He Was Well Posted.

Jones — I understand his wife has money. Bones—He understands it also.—London Answers.

An Amateur Detective

He Found No Clew, but Had Good Luck.

By AMBROSE HALL

Being directed by the chief of the detective bureau with which I was connected to report to Oliver Ainsworth to investigate a case for him, I did so, and this was Mr. Ainsworth's statement:

"I live in a suburban town. My family consists of my wife, my son, Albert, twenty-two years old, and my daughter, Edith, aged twenty. Other persons come in from time to time, remaining temporarily. There are also the servants, consisting of a cook, housemaid and butler.

"For some time past we have been missing small articles, principally jewels. Only yesterday a brooch set with diamonds and worth $100 disappeared. I suppose in all $1,500 worth of property has been taken. I wish you to come into my house for a long enough stay to discover the thief. Your chief has recommended you as a person who would not be likely to be taken for a detective, you having been well brought up. He has told me also that you are very musical and play on several instruments. My daughter wishes to learn to play on the mandolin, and you can give her lessons. I shall introduce you as the son of an old and very dear friend of mine, giving out that you have met with bad luck and that I have taken you in for awhile until you can get on your feet again."

There was truth in the latter part of this statement. I had recently come from England to seek my fortune in America like others of my countrymen who are ready to do abroad what they would be too proud to do at home. I tried music, for which I have a considerable taste, but after starving awhile in that field fell in with a detective, who secured me a position in the bureau with which he was connected. I think my chief recommendation was that, being a gentleman, I could play parts that would be impossible for an unpolished man.

This assignment with Mr. Ainsworth was my first in my new business, and I knew nothing about how to trap a thief. Persons who are ignorant of an important work they are expected to do are prone to look very wise and appear to be thinking very hard. I put on the semblance of the wisdom of Solomon, and when Mr. Ainsworth was about to tell me of any suspicions that were entertained I stopped him, saying that I always worked by method, pursuing my investigations step by step, and wished to avoid any preconceived notions that might lead me astray. This inspired the gentleman with great faith in me. I must trust to luck or my wits to bear out his confidence.

The story of my supposed impoverishment, which, as I have said, was in the main true, brought a very sympathetic reception from Miss Edith Ainsworth, and the fact that I was to teach her music foreshadowed that I would pass a season in clover. Under the influence of her beautiful eyes I felt that I could be a thief hunter for the rest of my days. I commenced the music lessons at once and was supposed to enter upon my investigations at the same time. Alas, I knew not where to begin! That part of my work which consisted in leading the family to think that I was the unfortunate son of a dear friend of its head I performed with great ease since it was natural to me. I was first cousin to an earl, and my father, having been born to the courtesy title of honorable, had never done a stroke of work in his life except garrison work, for he had been colonel of a regiment in the British army.

I spent a fortnight as a member of Mr. Ainsworth's family, and since I had not secured the slightest clew to the thief I felt it necessary to put on all the appearance of pursuing a deep laid plan of which I was capable. Mr. Ainsworth refrained from questioning me, which was lucky. Indeed, so engrossed was I with my lovely pupil that had a dozen clews been under my nose I would not have detected one of them. I wondered that he did not notice how matters were going between me and Edith, but if there is one thing I observed in my career of detective it is the stupidity of parents in failing to notice the incipient love affairs of their children.

After spending nearly three weeks pretending to be following a deep laid plan of investigation I began to be not only conscience stricken, but fearful that the humbug I was practicing would be discovered. To add to my worry I began to realize that the farce could not last forever and I must soon be separated from Edith. My cup of misery was filling up rapidly when luck came to me. I hit upon a clew.

Lying awake at night when all was still, I heard the distant sound of a chime. I wondered that I had never heard it before, but it was so faint that I would be likely to detect it only under the most favorable circumstances. There were two strokes, followed at an interval by three more. Then all was still again. Presently I heard it again. This time it was three strokes. While the chime was striking I lifted my head from the pillow to hear better and was surprised that I could not hear it at all.

Since the sound seemed periodical I listened for it again, and in a quarter of an hour it was repeated, three strokes followed by one. Struck by a thought, I reached out to a table beside me, lighted a match and looked at my watch. It was a quarter past 3. The sound I had heard was not a distant chime, but one very near, and it was in a watch. When the next time for it to strike came around I was lying on my back and did not hear it, but when it struck 3:45 my ear was on my pillow, and I heard every stroke.

"That," I said, "is a watch that may be made to strike the hour. It is in this house and possibly in this room."

In order to make it appear that I was investigating I had requested such change of rooms as was convenient. I had slept in this room two nights before I heard the chime, but each night there had been a strong wind. Besides, I had proved that unless my ear was connected with the watch by solids the chime was inaudible. Believing the watch to be in the room with me, a few minutes before it should strike again I got up and, pressing my ear against the wall, heard it distinctly. During the next hour I made several such experiments with a view to locating the sound, but without success.

Then it occurred to me that a watch must tick and if I could get near enough to it I might hear it. I walked slowly around the room, stopping at intervals to listen, and, drawing near a fireplace, the ticking grew more distinct. Thrusting my head up the chimney, I heard a watch tick near my ear. I was about to reach up to grasp it when a chime rang out fine, clear, melodious strokes.

I put my hand upon a narrow coping and took down what I could feel to be a brooch. Then I grasped other articles and finally a watch.

"Eureka!" I exclaimed, delighted.

Leaving the articles where I found them, I went back to bed, but not to sleep. Day soon came, and, rising, I examined the fireplace and found quite a lot of jewelry. I compared the pieces with a list of the lost articles and found that about two-thirds of them were on the coping.

What should be my next step? I had found the plunder—or most of it—but not the thief. And in this second part of my work I was as much at a loss how to proceed as I had been in the first place. But I felt comparatively easy. I had evidence that I was not another kind of thief in palming myself off as an investigator when I was really simply failing in love. I called Mr. Ainsworth into the library after breakfast and told him that I had made important headway in the case, having located a number of the missing articles. I intended to say no more; but, fearing that if left where they were the thief would remove them, I added that during the morning I would turn them over.

That morning when the postman delivered the mail I received a letter from England that obviated the necessity of my remaining in the detective business. The missive had been following me for some time and was covered with "Try this and try that place," indorsed by different postal officials. It announced that the cousin mentioned earlier in my narrative, a vigorous man of thirty, had broken his neck following the hounds, and since his wife had not presented him with an heir I was Earl of Barrowfield.

I called up my chief, reported the case so far as I had followed it and offered my resignation from his force on the ground that I had business of my own that demanded attention. Before Mr. Ainsworth went out for the day I told him where he would find the plunder I had discovered and made a clean breast of the fact that I had learned where it was, not by a deep laid and methodical process, but by accident, and declined to receive any pay for my services or to permit any charge to be made by the bureau I represented.

Mr. Ainsworth declined to accept my services either as a detective or as his daughter's music teacher. After arguing with him for awhile I showed him the letter I had received that morning changing my condition from a detective to a nobleman.

"While I am not the son of an old friend of yours," I said, "I am or at least have been in forlorn circumstances. I am your debtor, not you mine, since I have received every kindness at the hands of your family."

It was agreed between us that it would be better to inform the members of his family that I was not the son of his old friend, but that in considering me a gentleman they had not been deceived. Mrs. Ainsworth was informed first that the bulk of her lost property had been recovered; that I had come to the house as a detective and was going out a nobleman. From her the news spread to the other members of the family.

Miss Edith did not seem to know whether to be glad or sorry at the turn events had taken. I saw sincerity in her eyes when she expressed her regret that her music lessons must cease and said that she supposed the episode of my being there must end and she would never see me again. I assured her that an acquaintance so pleasantly formed would not be suffered by me to come to an end.

I went to Europe and discovered that the estate to which I had fallen heir needed attention. Nevertheless I found my thoughts constantly wandering back to America. And what drew them most forcibly was the young lady whom I had taught music while playing detective.

I never took sufficient interest to inquire whether the balance of the jewelry was discovered or the thief run down. Later I returned from England and took back Edith Ainsworth for my wife. As a wedding memento her father presented me with the striking watch that led to the recovery of the plunder, and I had engraved upon it an appropriate inscription.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

A Banker's Advice About Bills That Applies to Life at Large.

The president of a bank when asked by a young clerk how he could distinguish the counterfeit bills from the good said, "Get familiar with the good bills and you will recognize the bad bills at sight."

Here is a vast volume of general wisdom summed up in a single sentence. This homely advice applies not only to the detection of counterfeit money, but with equal force to the detection of counterfeit in all departments of life.

The man accustomed to handling only good corn, good potatoes, good diamonds, has no difficulty in detecting the faulty. He does it intuitively. Even without recognized thought he fixes upon the fault. The skilled egg candler passes good eggs before the light with a rhythmic rapidity that is amazing, but an imperfect egg instantly breaks his routine and interrupts his process. To the trained musician, accustomed to high grade work, a false note comes like a stab of pain.

In any occupation or line of endeavor any man fully engaged in doing the right thing will have no difficulty in recognizing the wrong. Right and wrong are as far apart, as unlike, as day and night, and he that is most accustomed to the light is quickest to note the shadows.

There is only one way to know the bad, the imperfect, the false, and that is by knowing the good, the perfect, the true.—Christian Herald.

OUR FIRST WAR SONG.

It Was Written by Billings, a Tanner, In Revolutionary Days.

We have many patriotic songs in this great country of ours, but no great national war song. Who will be the one to write it? The first war song written in America was really a hymn and was sung by the colonial troops during the Revolutionary war. It was composed and written by a tanner named William Billings, who lived in Boston. This hymn, the first evidence of distinctly American music, has a ring which not a little sets out the spirit of 1917. The first verse of the war song will indicate its general character:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slavry clank her galling chains.
We fear them not; we trust in God,
New England's God forevermore.

When Billings wrote his war song he evidently thought that the most important part of the country was New England; otherwise he might have included the whole land among those who trust in God. This war song has been brought to public attention by Dr. M. L. Bartlett of Des Moines, Ia., who informs us that Billings worked out his harmonic problems on a piece of leather, just in the same way that Lincoln ciphered on the back of a shovel.—New York World.

Blackbuck's Extra Nostril.

Two visitors to the menagerie were discussing the why and wherefore of an opening on the face of an Indian antelope or blackbuck halfway between the eye and nose. One visitor said it was due to an injury; the other opined it led to the tear duct.

"You are both wrong," said the keeper. "That is an extra nostril for the fastest running member of the antelope or deer family. He runs so fast that his ordinary nostrils cannot supply enough air to his lungs, and nature gave him this extra air channel. No other animal that I know of is so well provided. The blackbuck is the fastest thing on hoofs. On favorable ground and spurred by fear the blackbuck could make sixty miles an hour."—New York Sun.

Cedar Log 1,380 Years Old.

The durability of cedar is well known. A large cedar tree, probably thrown over by the wind, was found by woodchoppers in Washington state without any marks of decay in it, although a tree which was standing astride the log had 1,380 annual rings. The woodsmen found the log so sound that they determined to cut it up into shingles for the market. What a story that log could tell if it could speak—of the long procession of people that came upon the stage and departed during its life of between 1,000 and 2,000 years!—Los Angeles Times.

Sound Logic.

"Mamma," said a five-year-old boy the other day, "aren't there any other senses 'cept hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling?"

"No, my child," answered the mother. "It is usually considered that these five are enough."

"Well," said the little one, with an air of deep conviction, "I s'pose talking would be called a sense if there wasn't so much nonsense about it."—Pearson's.

Aunty's Criticism.

First Painter—I've just been showing my aunt around. Most amusing. Invariably picks out the wrong pictures to admire and denounces the good ones. Second Painter—Did she say anything about mine? First Painter—Oh, she likes yours."—London Tit-Bits.

The Diagnosis.

Doctor—Your daughter, madam, is suffering from constitutional inertia. Fond Mother—There! Poor thing! And her pa declared she was simply lazy.—Baltimore American.

A Matter of Policy.

"There's only one thing I ever do for policy's sake."

"What's that?"

"Pay my premiums."

Love and a Canalboat.

Why is love like a canalboat? Because it is an internal transport.—London Mail.

My Hypothetical Wife

A Story of Preparation For War

By F. A. MITCHEL

While driving through the country I came upon a house situated in a yard filled with shrubs and flowers in which a sign was hung, as follows: "School of Matrimony."

"School of Matrimony!" I repeated to myself. "Surely there is something interesting behind that sign. I will go in and see what it is."

I found a middle aged, intellectual looking man, who introduced me to his wife, a comely woman, who excused herself, leaving me alone with her husband. Before quitting the room she spoke a few words to him, and I noticed that, though what she had to say was of ordinary character, there was something in her tone and manner that denoted a deep affection for him.

"Seeing your sign, sir," I said to the gentleman—Mr. Larramore was his name—"I have called to learn what it means."

"Are you meditating matrimony?" he asked.

"Well, yes. Every man meditates matrimony except those who are married, and many of those meditate divorce."

"It is that divorce—I mean divorce between couples with no well founded reason for separation—which my wife and I undertake to prevent by educating those about to be married in the dangers which they are sure to encounter during the early days of wedded life."

"Will you state your educational plan?" I asked.

"Certainly; there is nothing secret in it. By attending divorce court proceedings my wife and I have collected a large number of reasons why couples drift into what is commonly called incompatibility. On these reasons or incidents we have constructed tables showing that the greatest number of breaks which occur between two normal, well intending married persons take place within three years after marriage. From that time they diminish rapidly. The most difficult period for them to get over is from the third to the tenth month of wedded life. We instruct our pupils in the dangers they are liable to meet during these critical months. Those which follow are but a repetition of those that have been incurred before. Those who know the perils they are to meet have a far better chance of resisting them than those who meet them without having been prepared for them."

"Do your courses consist simply of verbal instruction, or do your pupils receive practical instruction?"

"We deliver lectures, I to men, my wife to women, but we have a co-educative course wherein couples hypothetically married are carried through most quarrels. During the quarrels they use their own judgment as to wherein either one or the other is in error, the instructor correcting them from time to time, pointing out the dangers of certain acts during trying moments or suggesting methods liable to bring about immediate reconciliation."

"I think," I broke in at this part, "that I will enter myself in your academy as a student on the co-education plan."

Having been accepted as a pupil, I paid my tuition fee, and after attending the lectures for a couple of weeks Mr. Larramore showed me a number of photographs of young ladies from whom I might select a dummy wife. I pounced upon a pretty girl whose appearance denoted amiability and applied for her. It happened that she was not engaged. I was introduced to her, and our drill was commenced. I was handed a printed slip which read as follows:

"My dear, when I married you I supposed I was marrying you alone. I had no intention of marrying your family."

I was instructed by Mr. Larramore to speak these words angrily to my dummy wife. I did so, and despite the fact that I was playing a part I saw the hot blood mount to her cheek. She made no reply, for the instructor interposed.

"Those words should not have been uttered," he said, "though they may have been felt. When a man marries a woman, in a sense he marries her family—that is to say, he cannot ignore them. Whatever is near and dear to her must be treated with consideration by him. If some old maiden aunt addresses him on first meeting him by his first name he may writhe within, but outwardly he should act as if the lady and he had been brought up as near relations."

"H'm!" I remarked. "Are my wife's relatives one of the dangers of matrimony?"

"One of the principal ones," replied our teacher.

"I would have you to understand," replied my hypothetical wife, "that my family is as good as yours and, I've no doubt, better."

This was not down in the course of instruction and somewhat rattled me. But Mr. Larramore took advantage of it to get in some excellent points on the subject of marital relatives and how they should be gingerly handled, not on their own account, but on account of their connection with the parties concerned. Then he gave my dummy wife a printed slip, which she read and spoke to me. It was very long; indeed, it was a veritable curtain lecture. Mr. Larramore nodded to me to take my own course in shutting her off. The only course that suggested itself to me was this:

"If you keep on talking long enough perhaps you'll say something worth hearing in time."

At this our instructor called a halt.

"Where is the error in this case?" he asked me.

"The error is in a woman's endless chain of words," was my reply.

"Wrong! Your wife was simply letting off steam. The feminine nerves are different from those of men, and a husband should recognize this. You should have let your wife talk until she was talked out."

"What! Listen to that rubbish? Where do the husband's nerves come in?"

"His part is to leave the room quietly and without banging the door behind him."

"See here, professor," I began angrily, "I'd have you understand"—

"Recess," interrupted the professor, and opened the door of a pleasant little room, in which there were flowers and birds and pictures on subjects conducive to happy emotions. "Go in there and make up."

"What a pretty room!" said my hypothetical wife, a smile breaking over her pretty lips.

"Delightful!" I assented.

We were left together for some time, longer than I thought necessary for practice in reconciliation between husband and wife, though altogether too short for a pair of lovers. Indeed, I would not have objected to a much longer period. Mr. Larramore summoned us to new marital trials, apologizing for leaving us so long.

"We have a room in which we put extremely amiable couples," he said, "for the severest test that can be applied. It is furnished throughout in red. The reason for my delay in your case is that I put a couple in the red room, and there resulted such a bitter quarrel that it required all my strength to separate them. Never furnish a room in red; it excites animosity."

"What did you do with this couple?" I asked.

"They are now in the violet room, billing and cooing."

"May I ask, professor, what proportion of divorces your tables indicated are mother-in-law cases?"

"Ninety per cent."

"Is it the mother-in-law virus alone that produces the trouble or are there other ingredients?"

"Quite often there are other ingredients, but it is safe to say that with the mother-in-law removed 75 per cent of such cases would pull through."

"What is the best anti-toxin," I asked, "for a wife on the verge of transferring her affections to another man?"

"Another woman."

"And I suppose my hypothetical wife's part in the anti-toxin for a husband infatuated with another woman than his wife is another man?"

"Only as a last resort," replied the professor. "The interference of the other man is liable to throw a stain on the wife."

Mrs. Larramore was passing, and her husband referred the question to her.

"The treatment of a husband infatuated by another woman," she said, "requires more self control than any other case. The safest plan is for the wife to ignore the infatuation and not appear jealous, for the man is pretty sure to tire of the other woman in time. A man whose home is made attractive to him is not likely to give it up for good unless he is badly handled."

Professor Larramore recommenced his drilling in the matrimonial manuals, but the practice was rather on points calculated to bring about trouble than those in which a quarrel had got under way. These matters did not interest me. I made several irritating remarks to my hypothetical wife that made her very angry for the purpose of being sent to the making up room. When we were returned there the lady said:

"I wouldn't marry you for the wealth of the Indies!"

"Do you know why I said those villainous things to you?"

"Because you are naturally vicious, I suppose."

"Because our former making up was so delightful that I wished to make up over again."

I was drilled with my hypothetical wife in avoiding matrimonial whirlpools twice a week for six weeks, at the end of which time we were each given a certificate that we were master and mistress of the art. When the diplomas were given us the professor said that we were fitted to pass the matrimonial danger period with anything short of a tarantula or a porcupine, and I am sure that we had been subjected to every conceivable test that can possibly arise between two newly married persons.

In parting with my hypothetical wife at her home at 1 o'clock the next morning I said, with a sigh:

"It seems a pity after having been so well prepared for wedlock that we should part at the very point where we should be united."

She looked at the floor and partly turned her head. She did not learn this at the matrimonial school. It is something born in woman to come out on the expectation of a proposal.

"Don't you think," I continued, "that having been hypothetically educated we may as well be actually married?"

"Perhaps our training will avail nothing after all."

"Yes it will. We'll have a room done in violet and filled with buds and flowers."

She consented. We were married, but our education failed when it came to be put in practice. We quarrel at times, like other couples.

COURSE OF A RIFLE BALL.

Just What Happens From the Instant the Gun Is Fired.

Two sportsmen were disputing. One claimed that if a rifle is sighted on a dead level the ball commences to fall the instant it leaves the barrel. The second man claimed that the ball first rises above the level of the barrel and then falls. They didn't settle the question, but here is the answer:

Gravity acts upon a moving and unsupported body instantly, be the body large or small. In a rifle the line of sight (that is, the line of aim) is one thing; the line of the bore is another. In order that gravity will not cause a bullet to drop too soon a rifle is always made so that the line of the bore points slightly upward as compared with the line of sight. The result is that, while the bullet begins to drop away from the direct line of the bore the moment it leaves the piece, it rises at first above the line of sight and then slowly drops below it.

Rifles are usually made so that they will strike the object aimed at at a certain distance—say 200 yards from the hunter. That is to say, they carry "point blank" at 200 yards. If the object is farther away more front sight must be given. Under any and all circumstances, however, the bullet drops away from the line of the bore, owing to the gravity, the moment the gun is fired.—New York Tribune.

AGED SOAP BUBBLES.

Dewar Makes Monster Ones and Then Keeps Them For Months.

The transient existence of the soap bubble is proverbial, but Professor J. Dewar, in a discourse recently delivered at the Royal institution in London, explained how soap bubbles could be made to last for months and exhibited several specimens. The first requisite is that the air used in blowing the bubble shall be free from dust.

In Professor Dewar's process the air is filtered through cotton wool, and the bubbles are blown by opening a stopcock in the air supply tube. For the soap solution he prefers the purest oleic acid (tested by the iodine number) and ammonium soap (not potassium or sodium).

To make a bubble durable the sac of liquid must be removed from its bottom by suction through tubes applied from outside. The lecturer showed bubbles that had endured for months and that were more than half a yard in diameter, blown in glass vessels containing pure air at atmospheric pressure.

A little water is kept at the bottom of the vessel. A uniform temperature of about 50 degrees F. is favorable to longevity. Some of Professor Dewar's smaller bubbles were nearly a year old. —Philadelphia Press.

Oriental Justice.

A young man going on a journey intrusted a hundred dinars to an old man. When he came back the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the cadi. "Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?" "Under a tree." "Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey you when you show it my seal." The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone some time the cadi said to the old man: "He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?" "No," said the old man; "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet." "How knowest thou, old man," cried the cadi, "where that tree is?" The young man returned and said the tree would not come. "He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."—Oriental.

Diphtheria Germs.

Diphtheria germs multiply so rapidly that in the course of twenty-four hours there may be many millions. Meanwhile they are producing diphtheria toxin, one of the most powerful poisons known, which is absorbed by the body and causes the general symptoms of the disease.

The germs enter the body through the mouth or nose. They may be transferred by kissing, coughing or sneezing, or they may be transferred to the lips by the use of the common drinking cup or other utensil or by fingers soiled by touching some object which an infected person has just used.

Had to Swallow Many Things.

An amusing anecdote is related of the late Hungarian statesman Tisza, who when one day dining at the Hofburg with the Austrian emperor placed a large pear upon his plate at dessert.

The emperor remarked to his minister that cold fruit after a hot dinner was injurious to the digestion.

Tisza replied, "The stomach of a Hungarian prince, your majesty, is obliged to be a strong one."

After the Dinner.

"I ate next to a red headed woman," said the fresh young man after the dinner party.

"And I ate next to nothing," replied the woman alluded to, who happened to be within hearing.—Florida Times-Union.

Government.

A man must first govern himself before he be fit to govern a family and his family ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Distinction.

"Is that reckless orator an agitator?"

"No. He's merely an irritator."—Washington Star.

Civilization is first and foremost a moral thing.—Amiel.

BURSTS WITH THE HEAT.

Sad Fate of the Terrashot When It Enters Death Valley.

That most frightful of deserts, Death valley, in California, lies between two lofty ranges, one of which is called the Funeral mountains.

The higher levels of these mountains are rather densely forested, with here and there little meadows and "parks" (natural clearings), in which dwells a strange animal known as the terrashot. So inaccessible are these inhospitable heights, however, that the creature, rarely seen, has remained almost unknown.

Respecting its habits little can be said. There is no reason for supposing that it is dangerous to man. Nobody knows even whether it is carnivorous or a plant feeder. It has a coffin shaped body, six or seven feet long, with a sort of shell running the whole length of its back.

Having, it is presumed, few natural enemies, the terrashot increases in numbers until it is seized with an impulse to migrate, possibly because its food supply no longer suffices. The animals then form long processions, marching down into the desert in single file, with the evident intention of crossing the valley to the mountains on the other side.

But none of them ever gets across. As they encounter the hot sands they rapidly distend with the heat, and one after another they blow up with loud reports, the places where this happens being marked by deep, grave shaped holes.—Philadelphia Record.

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Even the Best of Writers at Times Nod While They Work.

Many if not most writers have had to bewail the occasional freakishness of the pen in putting down on paper something very different from that intended by its author.

Readers of Sir George Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" will recall the historian's horror when too late he discovered that he had written in the Edinburgh Review that "it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by 'The Vicar of Wakefield' or Scott by 'The Life of Napoleon' when he really intended to say that it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by his "History of Greece." There was, too, an amusing slip of the pen perpetrated by the grave Sir Archibald Alison in including Sir Peregrine Pickle instead of Sir Peregrine Maitland among the pallbearers at the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

Another striking instance of the pen mechanically writing something not intended came under notice the other day on the title page of a reprint of a once famous book, Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." This edition, published some years ago by a well known London house, describes Miss Porter as "author of 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sense and Sensibility,'" etc. Doubtless the Christian name of "Jane" induced the slip. All remember and nearly all—Charlotte Bronte was one notable exception—love Jane Austen; not so many remember Jane Porter.—Westminster Gazette.

Magic of a Siphon.

When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U, in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel full of water "the downward pull" or weight of the liquid in each of the two arms will balance the other, and if the water is at the same level in the two vessels it will remain at that level in both vessels. But if the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon itself has no more magic about it than a pencil has when it falls or than any other similar phenomenon in nature, yet some of the siphon's manifestations seem to be not only magical, but almost incredible.—St. Nicholas.

"Most Perfect Ode."

One hundred years ago appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language," "The Burial of Sir John Moore." It was the Newry Telegraph which gave to the world this anonymous poem of Rev. Charles Wolfe, which won for its author but a posthumous fame, for not until his death in 1823 was its real authorship made known, though various had been the guesses as to the writer. That obscure curate of Ballyclog must have felt proud indeed to find among its putative authors such poets as Campbell and Byron.—London Chronicle.

Light of the Firefly.

A scientist says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees F. would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man.

Fountain Pen Tests.

Fountain pens are tested by an instrument called a micrometer. If one piece of the mechanism is out even a six-hundredth part of an inch the micrometer rejects it as faulty.

Tactful.

"Do you think that the lady who is moving in above you is nice?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Why, she noticed that baby had two teeth before she had been in the house two hours."

The minutes saved by hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.

Ancient Embroidery.

In Exodus the "embroiderer" is contrasted with the "cunning workman." The art of embroidery by the loom was extensively practiced by the nations of antiquity. The Egyptians and Babylonians were noted for it. Embroidery with the needle was a Phrygian invention of a later date.

Clearly Explained.

"Please tell me, professor, what is a periphrasis?"

"Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in a verbal profundity."

"Thank you, sir."

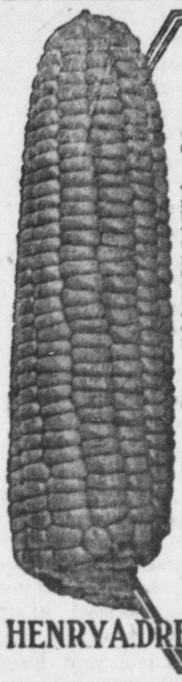
Short For Which?

Mrs. Blueblood—We dined al fresco last evening.

Mrs. Newrich—I think I've met him somewhere? Is his first name Albert or Alfred?—Boston Transcript.

Marks of a Great Man.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.



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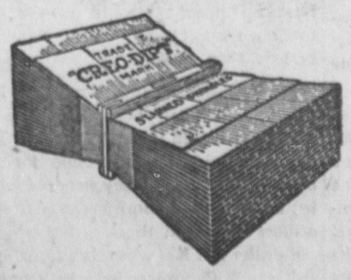

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Here and There.

Excellent values in Hot Water Bottles at Green's.

Roland Miller, of Ford City, has been visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Monday the Bellefonte public schools opened with a large enrollment.

Miss Mary Mott left Bellefonte Monday morning for Philadelphia, being called there by the illness of a friend.

Don Wallace, who had been visiting friends here for several weeks, left Monday morning for his home in Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Arthur J. Taylor, of Williamsport, was an over-Sunday guest of her sister, Miss Rachael Scanlon, at Axe Mann.

Miss Belle Lowry, of McKeesport, arrived in Bellefonte Monday morning and was met at the train by Miss Anna Keichline.

Mrs. Harry Keller, who has been visit-her sister, Mrs. W. C. Stoddard, near Philadelphia, and the family of W. H. Keller at Lancaster, returned to Bellefonte Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Martin Cooney is critically ill. A week or more ago a window fell upon her hand, fracturing several fingers. This led to complications and her condition is such as to cause the greatest anxiety among her family and friends.

Mrs. Jack Decker and daughter Miss Helen, spent part of last Friday and Saturday in Williamsport having gone down to consult a specialist about the latter's eyes. They were accompanied home by Mr. Decker who had been there for several days.

Misses Louise and Sarah Kerstetter, of Curwensville, who had been spending part of the summer in Bellefonte as the guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Morris W. Furey, and aunt, Mrs. J. P. Gephart, left Friday for their home after a very pleasant visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rhoads and their two sons, Daniel and Robert, of Reading have been visiting in Bellefonte at the residence of Mr. Rhoads' sister, Miss Rebecca Rhoads, on Linn street. Mr. Rhoads is superintendent of the Schuylkill Division of the P. R. R., and is making a good record.

One day recently while William Wolfe and Cloyd Fiedler, of Aaronsburg, were hauling stones from a field belonging to Dr. S. C. Musser, they found three sticks of dynamite and six caps with fuse attached in the alley near the doctor's barn. The explosive was arranged so as to be set off with but a slight jar. No motive for the anticipated deed is known.

Ward Fleming, Esq., of Philipsburg, spent last Thursday and Friday on this side of the mountain. He was interested in a road view and transacted legal business in Bellefonte. He has moved his law offices into the new bank building over there and is now in better shape to transact business than ever before as everything is new and up-to-date.

Mrs. D. Ray Morgan has left Philipsburg and has gone to join her husband at Homestead, where Mr. Morgan has been employed for several years. Mr. Morgan at one time was assistant postmaster at State College and his wife formerly Miss Emma Kuhn, was born and raised at Boalsburg. They have friends in both places who wish them well in their new home.

Malcolm L. Wetzler, son of Frank Wetzler, of Milesburg, a graduate of the Bellefonte High School, is now a member of the United States Marine Band on the Minnesota which has been located near New York City. He is a musician of more than ordinary ability and before joining the navy was a member of the Boys Band, of Milesburg. If there are any promotions around he surely will be one of the lucky ones.

Forest Tanner, of Bellefonte, who had been taking a little vacation at the home of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Boyle, at Hazelton, returned Sunday. He is a graduate of the Bellefonte High school and this week entered State College as a Freshman. He has the brains and the ability to get along and his friends predict that he is another young man in Bellefonte who is going to make good.

Mrs. Morris W. Furey and her daughter, Margaret, left Bellefonte Monday morning for Atlantic City where they will breath the salt water breezes for the next two weeks. Mrs. Furey has not been in the best of health and it is thought a change of this kind will be beneficial. In addition to this Mrs. Furey's son, William Furey, of Pittsburgh, has been at this sea-side resort for several weeks trying to recuperate from a serious attack of bronchitis.

Ralph Hazel, son of Adam Hazel, left Bellefonte Monday morning for Akron, Ohio, where he is employed in a large manufacturing establishment, the product of which goes to the government. Among the articles manufactured are airplanes. He came here two weeks ago to see his brother, Clarance, who has been ill but is somewhat improved. Clarence was a soldier working for Uncle Sam in Honolulu and was injured by a horse while trying to shoe him in a blacksmith shop. The animal backed him into a hammer and injured him to the extent that up until this time two operations have been performed. He is bright and cheerful and his many friends wish for his speedy recovery.

F. W Crider was an arrival home on Tuesday from Manasquan, New Jersey.

David J. Jenkins, of Syracuse, N. Y., visited with Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth on Tuesday.

Harvest Home services will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 10.30.

Rev. Dr. Schmidt is spending several days this week in Philadelphia attending a committee meeting.

Tuesday morning the frost was on the pumpkin good and hard. About 5 o'clock it was so heavy it looked like snow.

Wednesday State College opened with an exceptionally large Freshman class. The complement of the upper classes are not there because many have entered the military service.

Mrs. Thomas Shoemaker and her three daughters, accompanied by Mrs. Joseph Ceader, left Bellefonte Sunday for Philadelphia where the young ladies will go to school this winter.

Miss Grace Marvin returned to Bellefonte Saturday from a visit to her home Binghampton, N. Y., and New York City. At the latter place she purchased her fall and winter millinery.

Mrs. Sarah Satterfield left Bellefonte for Philadelphia and Atlantic City Wednesday where she will remain for six weeks. It is a delightful place to go and there is hardly any doubt but that she will enjoy herself.

Mrs. Gertrude Lingle, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon and became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garman, she being a sister-in-law of Mrs. Garman. She was formerly from Philipsburg.

Friday Mrs. Harry Walkey left Bellefonte to visit friends in Johnstown. Her purpose was to remain there until her husband would join her. He has been at Mt. Clemens, Mich., taking treatment for rheumatism. They returned Monday.

James R. Hughes, head master of the Bellefonte Academy, returned to Bellefonte Saturday evening well pleased with his success in securing so many students. The Academy opened Wednesday and the indications are that this popular school will have as many if not more than at any other term.

A. H. Hartswick, a prominent citizen of State College, was in Bellefonte Monday and was greeted royally by his many friends in the county seat. It will be remembered that two years ago he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for County treasurer and although defeated made a most excellent showing.

David Geiss, who has been making his home with his daughters in Philadelphia, is visiting his son Wagner Geiss in Bellefonte. This week he is spending most of the time with the grangers at Centre Hall. He lived for years on that side of the mountain and thus he has a large acquaintance among the farmers throughout that section of the county.

A wedding of interest to many friends in Bellefonte was that solemnized at McKeesport on Saturday, September 8th, the bride being Miss Alice Helen Lowry and the groom Mr. Edwin C. Beer. The bride who has many admiring friends in Betlefonte, is an accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowry, until recently residents of this place. The groom is a former Bellefonte Academy student. Mr. and Beer will be at home after October 1st at Moundsville, West Virginia.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Sept. 16th: Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Mattins and address. 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "The Marks of the Lord Jesus." Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are Ember Days on which the church enjoins abstinence, with prayers for those about to receive Holy Orders. Friday, feast of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, 10 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 7.30 p. m. Evensong and address. Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

Abram V. Miller surprised his Bellefonte friends Tuesday by getting off the the Pennsy—Lehigh flyer. He came from Philadelphia where he is making his home with his daughters. When he left here some time ago to make his home in the Quaker City it was the opinion of his friends that he was taking his last look at Bellefonte and its surroundings, as he had been in very bad health. Although he has been making a trip to the hospital about twice a week since he left he has improved much in health. He took the bus for his old home at Pleasant Gap and has been attending Grangers Picnic. He expects to be here about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kane, of Pittsburgh, who had been visiting Mrs. Sarah Satterfield in Bellefonte left Tuesday morning in an automobile for their home in Pittsburg. They were accompanied by Mrs. Clyde Smith who will spend a short time with them. For the last six weeks Mr. Kane has been in Spartanburg, S. C., where he was employed in putting in water works for the soldier's camp and doing other contract work for the government. There are 10,000 soldiers there already and when it is full there will be 50,000 of Uncle Sam's boys drilling there and waiting the call to go to France. In the absence of Mr. Kane, Mrs. Kane visited Mrs. Satterfield and other friends in Centre county.

NUMBER ARE SENTENCED

Youth Stole Walker Twp. Farmers Meat and Sold it to Grocery Store.

Five offenders against the law were before Judge Quigley for sentence last Saturday. They had waived the finding of the Grand Jury in order that their cases might be disposed of in advance of the regular term of court.

One case that was somewhat out of the usual run of criminal charges and that perplexed Judge Quigley more or less was a charge of larceny lodged against seventeen years old George Mulbarger, of Walker township. The boy was arrested last Friday night charged with stealing and selling several hams and shoulders belonging to T. R. Hinds, of Walker township, in whose employ Mulbarger had been until recently. Mulbarger, according to his statement to the court, took the meat from the corn crib at the Hinds home after Mr. Hinds and the family had retired for the night. The hams and shoulders were secreted back of a fence in a nearby field until the following morning when, Mulbarger said, he carried them to Bellefonte and sold them to a local grocer for $11.50. Mr. Hinds suspected that Mulbarger had committed the theft and a warrant for his arrest was placed in the hands of Bellefonte officers. Mulbarger had been observed carrying a bag to Bellefonte. Payment for the meat had been made by check and this was traced through a local bank. When arrested and confronted with the charge Mulbarger made a feeble denial of any knowledge of the incident but quickly changed front and made a clean breast of the matter. In court it became manifest that his conception of such a grave charge was that it could be disposed of by merely reimbursing the owner for the value of the meat. Judge Quigley was impressed with the fact that the youthful offender did not appreciate the gravity of the case and gave the matter quite a little consideration. He hesitated about imposing a prison sentence and at the same time felt that some solution was necessary in order that the boy might be taught a lesson that would be of value in guiding him in the future. He finally concluded to lay the case to one side for the present. Mulbarger was returned to jail to remain until Judge Quigley can figure out just what to do with him.

Robert Brown, an able-bodied colored man hailing from Georgia but employed in the North for some years past, was up for sentence on a charge of larceny. He was unwilling to enter a plea of guilty to larceny, but readily signed such a plea to a charge of receiving the stolen goods, which were a sweater and bicycle owned by Larry Redding, of Snow Shoe. Brown had been in jail for a number of weeks following his arrest. Judge Quigley concluded to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and paroled him in the custody of Charley Morris for employment in the quarries of the American Lime & Stone Co. for a period of six months. Brown expressed a desire to go to work and seemed very well pleased with the solution of his troubles. The costs in his case will be deducted from his earnings.

Charles Frederick, 18 years old, whose home is in Philipsburg, was before Judge Quigley on a charge of a most repulsive character. He was committed to the Huntingdon Reformatory. Harry Kline and John J. Godfrey, charged with being vagrants, had sentence suspended, the first named assuring Judge Quigley that he would never again imbibe too freely, and the latter saying that he would lose no time in resuming his journey to Pittsburgh. Godfrey was picked up some weeks ago at Centre Hall.

Two Teachers Resign; Others Elected

The resigning of two public school teachers in Gregg township has necessitated the shifting about and electing of others to meet the conditions. The teachers who handed in their resignations are: Miss Viola Wolfe, elected to the grammar grade at Spring Mills, who accepted a clerical position in the railroad office at Altoona; and Miss Sarah L. Fisher, elected to the Penn Hall school, accepting the fourth grade school at Landsdale. Miss Lola Wolfe has been removed from the Beaver Dam school to the Penn Hall school; Edgar Miller, of Tusseyville, has been chosen for the former school. The grammar grade vacancy has been filled by the election of Rev. R. R. Haney, of Spring Mills, who is an experienced school teacher.

The Wizard of Wiseland.

"The Wizard of Wiseland" is the new musical comedy extravaganza that will be the attraction at Garman's opera house Friday evening, September 21st. The company has been playing to crowded houses everywhere and meeting with enthusiastic approval from all. The cast is composed of the very cleverest comedians and comediennes on the stage, ably supported by a well trained chorus. One of the best animal actors in the world impersonates a huge lion. The music is new and the songs are the best and latest, and are staged with great care under the personal supervision of the composers. Handsome scenery and effects help to make the "Wizard of Wiseland" the most popular show on the road. Prices 35, 50, 75 cents and $1.00. Children 25 cents.

For soft, velvety skin use Cydonine.

It Was Dead Easy.

There is a law on the statute books of Pennsylvania that says ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation. While this is true there are times when we all get in too much of a hurry and often have to loose the strings of our pocket books to pay the fiddler when we didn't get to dance. Last Thursday George R. Meek of Bellefonte jumped into his Ford and started to his farm to secure a dozen or more fresh eggs. On the way out there must have been a "State Cop" lurking around for when he returned to Bellefonte he was informed that he owed the State $10.00. Upon making inquiry as to what it was all about he discovered that he had taken the trip without a license on his car. "Pete" hereafter will think eggs selling at forty cents a dozen is awfully cheap compared to what they cost him on this occasion.

Thursday contractor George Rhoads of Bellefonte, hauled a building from the fair ground to the site of the old Nittany furnace to be used as an office for the Titan Metal Company. The building was on what might be termed as a trailer. The State Police evidently had been on his trail for soon afterwards George received a notice to come and settle for $12.50. When he began to ferret out the cause why he should give up that amount of cash he found the law required a license on the trailer. Of course George was igorant of the fact that he had violated any law and thus offered some objections to going down into his "jeans" for that amount but he had to fork up. When you come to think of it it doesn't look like a fair shake or a square deal.

John McCoy has a truck for hauling ore from the mine banks to the furnace at McCoy and Linns works, near Milesburg. The other day he was hauling hay on a vehicle drawn by a truck The same was true with him as with Mr. Rhoads and the result was he was called upon to share his income with the state to the amount of $12.50. John was just a little hot under the collar because he didn't know he had violated the law. But he antied up bravely.

Steam Heat Announcement.

The Bellefonte Heat and Light Company respectfully announces that steam will be furnished to the citizens of Bellefonte, beginning on the first day of October, next. That the plant is now being repaired for that purpose. The company expects to furnish gas as near the first of November next as possible. The material for the gas plant has been ordered and nothing but the delay in shipments will prevent the manufacture of gas by the said period. For further particulars inquire of Wilbur Saxion, Superintendent.

Notice.

To the tax payers of the Borough of Bellefonte:

I am a candidate for the office of tax collector. I solicit your influence, support and vote at primary election September 19th, 1917, on my past record. When I was tax collector, I paid off a floating debt of twenty thousand dollars. I reduced the millage to twenty-two mills. I settled my duplicates six months after I went out of office. If I am nominated and elected, I will assure the tax payers my record will be the same as it was in the past.

Very truly yours,

Adv. J. M. KEICHLINE.

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"And they brought him home"

These grey hairs came when they brought Will home, after the fire.

Afterward, it was all I could do to pull myself together and think of some way to keep the children and not break up the home. Will was a good husband and it was not his fault we couldn't save much money.

He was more than good—he was thoughtful, too. I found, then, that he'd taken out the ÆTNA TEN DOLLAR COMBINATION POLICY and that I was to have over $3000 for it. Just think!—it cost him only $10 a year to

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—so little he never talked about it—and it brought this windfall to me!

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